





P. G. SMITH

RHYME WITH REASON

*A Garland of Irish Shamrocks,
Many of Them Grown in America.*

Smyth, P. G.
"

Here's health to the star-spangled flag of the free,
And here's to the green banner, far o'er the sea,
For Love and for Freedom, oh, long may they wave,
Till they crush every tyrant and free every slave.

—*P. Kane*


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PREFACE.

It is a long time now since a collection of Irish or Irish-American poetry was issued from the press—except here and there the outpourings of some individual bard, or a gathering of old “come-all-ye’s” to piquantly tingle the memory and excite the vocal chords to action. In the following pages will be found a combination never before attempted from a poetic point of view of the vanished and ethereal past with the vigorous and living present. The shade of Fionn McCumhal—who got his poetic craft when he accidentally tasted the Salmon of Knowledge that he was cooking for his master—bends down from that Irish Olympus, Slievenamon, “the Mountain of Fair Women,” to congenially clasp the hands and listen to the chantings of modern Celtic sons and daughters of song. There is a fitful flashing of the divine fire of poetry all the way from the Patrician days to the twentieth century, from royal Tara to philistine Chicago.

Chronological sequence is exercised as far as possible. The current of the pages glides along through the ever varying lights and shades of Irish history and the changeful moods and tenses of Irish politics. Nobody with a songful and soulful message is here debarred from a hearing, be he or she separatist, conciliationist, home ruler, Fenian, Clan-na-Gael, Shin Feiner, Redmondite, hillsider, cattle-driver or Molly Maguire, lover of liberty or of noble life and high ideals, or votary of that apparently fast vanishing quality (37,000 young emigrants annually), the tender home love of the Celt.

Many are the classes and professions here represented—prel-

PREFACE.

ates and priests, doctors, lawyers, real estate men, newspaper men, clerks, policemen, soldiers, even ex-convicts—but convicts in a noble cause, men who imperilled their lives and sacrificed their liberties for the sacred cause of freedom and the betterment of humanity. Gentle poetesses of the race, modern Etans and Eithnes have graciously contributed their delicately fragrant bouquets. The signal of poetic kinship, the appeal for co-operation, has brought them sympathetically together, like members of the great Bardic Order of ancient Eire, assembled in the depths of a sacred wood.

The idea of the collection originated with Mr. Patrick Kane, a native of the parish of Aughavass, in poetic southern Breffny, now the County of Leitrim, Ireland. Cradled in the lap of poetry and legend, and by birth and environment an Irish Nationalist of an almost implacable type, he has for many years been carefully gleaning flowers of Irish poetic genius. Many of these are interwoven with some of his own in the present garland.

The tenor and quality of the verses rippling through the following pages are about as varied as the classes and pursuits of the authors. Some are as solemn and stately, as sweet and sad, as if Oisín or Sappho struck the chords. Some are rugged, well-meaning, hearty, as if an inspiring galloglass with a taste for music had stolen and swept with his knotty brown fingers the harp of a sleeping minstrel.

The soul of the Gael, alert and immortal, is behind them all.

P. G. S.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

BY JOE FOGARTY.

RHYME WITH REASON, bright and cheerful,
 Posies called from Wit's own bowers,
 Sparkling gems for Mother Erin,
 Golden drops from sunset showers.

Some in sad moods gently molded,
 Some in true hearts thrilled with love,
 Some for Ireland's cause appealing
 To self-aid—and the Power above.

Breath of Ireland here comes floating—
 Fragrance sweet the pages fills,
 As from whitethorns in the boreens,
 As from furze bloom on the hills.

Strike your harps and weave your verses,
 Bards divine and minstrels free;
 Bend, Olympus! Ope, Valhalla!—
 RHYME WITH REASON, hail to thee!

MAN'S MORTALITY.

[The original of the following poem was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards, held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donovan, translator of "The Annals of the Four Masters."]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look,
 Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
 Or like the writing on the sand,
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream;
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, the look forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
 Or like the swift course of water-flow,
 Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
 Or like the spider's tender web,
 Or like a race, or like a goal,
 Or like the dealing of a dole;
 Even such is man, whose brittle state
 Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
 The time no time, the web soon rent,
 The race soon run, the goal soon won,
 The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Or like the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days' long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear or like a plum ;
Even such is man who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies tomorrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

THE MONKS OF ERIN.

BY REV. WILLIAM J. TREACY, S. J.

[Following the adoption of the Christian religion by Ireland came the Christianization, by devoted Irish missionaries and martyrs of Britain and of large portions of Europe, in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries. Gaelic manuscripts brought over by the Irish monks are still treasured in many museums, and Gaelic is taught in five leading universities on the continent of Europe.]

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still
In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill ;
Their preaching, prayers, and fastings are still the peasants'
themes

Around the coast of Cornwall and along old Flanders' streams ;
Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands,
Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair Italia's lands.

Sedulius the poet, and Columbkille, the dove,
At Rome and Hy are honored and remembered still with love ;
At Lucca, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights,
Is honored with pure worship 'mid the pomp of Roman rites.
Even still the British ministers exult on Piran's feast,
And though they hate the Church of Rome, they venerate her
priest.

The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air,
Still tell in tone of gladness that Cataldus' faith is there.

Quaint Mechlin's noble temple to an Irish monk is raised,
In every home in Mechlin St. Rumold's name is praised ;

Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltsburg tomb,
Is honored by the silent prayer and by the cannon's boom;
Old hymns are sung in Fridolin, in the islands of the Rhine,
And the relics of Besancon's Saint sleep in a silver shrine;
The voice that roused crusaders by the Tagus, Rhone and Po,
Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the convent of Clairvaux.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
In the stainless Church of Ireland and in her priesthood's lives,
Their spirit still doth linger round Holy Cross and Kells;
Oh, Ireland's monks can know no death while gush our Holy
Wells.

High Cashel's fane is standing, and though in the spoiler's hand,
Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land;
For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore,
When kings were monks and monks were kings upon our Irish
shore.

RED HUGH'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLIEU MOUNTAINS.

BY ARCHBISHOP JOHN HEALY.

[The following vigorous poem, which is almost a translation and rendering in verse of the address delivered by Red Hugh O'Donnell to the Irish army on the eve of the famous fight at the Yellow Pass (near the writer's native place), August 15, 1599, was written in 1877, while the writer, who is at present Archbishop of Tuam, was a young curate.]

Brothers chiefs and clansmen loyal, tried in many a bloody fray,
God be thanked, these robber Saxons come to meet us here
to-day—

Boasting Clifford, Essex's minion, swears he'll make the rebels
flee—

We will give them hearty greetings like to that at Ashanee.
What though traitor Celts oppose us, be their numbers three
to one!

Greater glory to Clan Connell when this tough day's work is done.
Shrived at Holy Mass this morning, danger we may fearless
dare;

For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and prayer,
Not for conquest or for vengeance, on the blessed Lady Day,
Not in strength or numbers trusting, do we face their proud
array;

But for Holy May's honor, by their tainted lips defiled;
For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid and child.

Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crownless
brow;

All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colors now.

In the light of glories olden, beaming through our dark disgrace—
See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our fallen
race!

Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest, dishonored
maid—

Children of an outraged mother! whet ye well the thirsty blade!
Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush like swooping eagles
forth;

Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearmen of the
North!

Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring
pride;

Smite the double-souled O'Connors—traitors false to every side.
Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain! sweep their ranks your
spears before,

As the north wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of Barnes-
more.

Forward! forward! brave McDermott, strike for fair Moylurg's
domain,

For yon lake in beauty sleeping, for the holy Island's fame!
Strike and drive the swinish Saxon, herding in their sacred shade,
Far from Boyle's old abbey cloisters, where your fathers' bones
are laid.

Holy virgin, we implore thee, by that abbey's rifled shrine,
Columbcille of Doire Calgach, patron of O'Donnell's line,
Good St. Francis, for the honor of thy name in Donegal,
Speed ye now Tyrconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all!

Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,
 Better death I never wished for than to die upon the field,
 Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid low,
 With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against the
 foe.

Never chieftain of Clan Dalgaigh to the invader bowed the knee;
 By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done by me!
 I would rather angry ocean roared o'er castle, cot and hall,
 Than see any Saxon "bodach" rule in royal Donegal.
 Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who
 died,
 Fighting God and Freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's side.
 Great will be his meed of glory, honored long the victor's name;
 Pointing proudly to her kinsmen, many a maid will tell his fame.
 "Lo! he fought at Doonaveragh," aged men will whispering say,
 And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.
 Gleaming bright through dark'ning ages will this great day's
 memory glide,
 Like the Saimer's bright-waved waters glancing onward to the
 tide.

KATHLEEN NI-HOULIHAN.

BY MAUDE HEALY.

[A talented young lady of Chicago, literary editor on the daily press. Kathleen Ni-Houlihan, like Granuaile and Roseen Dubh and Sheela Ni-Guira, is a poetic name for Ireland.]

Who remembers Kathleen now,
Kathleen of the flashing eye?
They speak her name
With fear and shame,
But never so will I.

Kathleen Ni-Houilhan is fair,
And a proud eye hath she,
She wears a look of the high born,
Her eyes flash out with sudden scorn,
Or mock you with their glee,
And clouds of misty sun-gold hair
Drift round her comely head,
I gaze upon her unaware,
My heart is comforted.

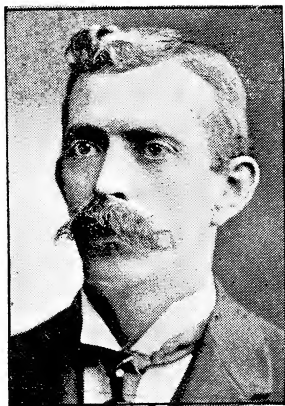
Who remembers Kathleen now?
That held her head so high?
Her wand'ring Sidhes
And her great Ard Righs
Of the great days gone by.
Kathleen Ni-Houlihan is sad,



PATRICK KANE



MAUDE HEALY



JOE FOGARTY



Round her father's towers she moans,
 For the brave that are dead,
 For the glory that's fled,
 And the hearts that are turned to stones,
 But I look up! My heart is glad
 I see a distant day,
 When Kathleen on her ancient thrones
 Shall hold her ancient sway.

Who remembers Kathleen now?
 A little faithful band,
 Who love the green gem of the sea,
 The little bright green land.

Kathleen Ni-Houlihan is sweet,
 To them—the faithful few,
 Who love the story of her past,
 And to Her still in faith hold fast,
 And to Her still are true.
 They speak her half-forgotten tongue,
 Her history repeat,
 Her folk-tales on their lips are hung,
 To them Kathleen is sweet.

Who remembers Kathleen now?
 Kathleen of the flashing eye?
 They speak her name
 With fear and shame,
 But never so will I.

BALLYNEETY'S WALLS.

[A quaint old ballad souvenir of the siege of Limerick, written from memory by Michael Treacy, 719 Sebor Street, Chicago.]

The night was dark 'round Limerick
And all the streets were still;
To take the foe in ambush
We lay beside the hill.

Like lions watched and waited
To pounce upon our prey,
With gallant Sarsfield at our head
Ere the dawning of the day.

'Twas at the hour of midnight
Each man took to his steed,
And through the streets of Limerick,
We dashed at lightning speed.

O'er hills and dales we thundered
Toward Ballyneety's wall,
Where lay the foe securely,
With cannon, carts and all.

From Dublin they were coming
With all their warlike store;
To take the town of Limerick,
They'd *ask for little more.*

'Tis little they were dreaming
That they would meet their doom,
That Sarsfield was so near them
That night by wild Sliave Bloom.

They hailed us for the password
As down on 'them we ran;
'Sarsfield's the word," our general said,
"And Sarsfield is the man!"

To help us clear the vermin
The moon and stars shone bright,
And for the battle of the Boyne
We had revenge that night.

We slew them all; then Sarsfield,
He bade us take their store,
Their cannon, carts and baggage
And powder in galore.

We heaped them by the castle gate,
And placed the fuse right nigh,
And when 'twas done full speedily
We blew them to the sky.

Loud laughed our gallant general,
As blithe we rode away,
And many a health was drank to him
In Limerick town next day.

Another health to Sarsfield—
Together, one and all—
That gained the foe's artillery
By Ballyneety's wall.

THE REGIMENT OF BOURKE.

[Originally organized for King James by Colonel Walter Bourke, of Turlough, County Mayo, under whom it heroically defended the old castle at the battle of Aughrim, July 12, 1691. With the regiment of Dillon, it distinguished itself at the rescue of Cremona from the Austrians, February 2, 1702.]

There's a whirring noise across the night,
The wild geese are a-wing;
Wide over the seas they take their flight,
Nor will they come with spring.
Blow high, blow low, come fair, come foul,
No danger will they shirk
Till they doff their gray for the blue and the buff
Of the regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But tonight we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

Would you read our name on honor's roll?
Look not for royal grant;
It is written in Cassano,
Alcoy and Alicante,
Saragossa, Barcelona;
Wherever dangers lurk
You will find in the van the blue and the buff
Of the regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
 Have echoed to our name!
 The burning suns of Africa
 Have set our arms aflame!
 But tonight we toast the morn that broke
 And wakened us to fame!
 The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

Here's health to every gentleman
 Who follows in our train!
 Here's health to every lass who waits
 Till we return again!
 Here's confusion to the foreign horde!
 Until their knavish work
 Is stopped by the sight of the blue and the buff
 Of the regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
 Have echoed to our name!
 The burning suns of Africa
 Have set our arms aflame!
 But tonight we toast the morn that broke
 And wakened us to fame!
 The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

WHEN LUCAN LED.

(An Irish Vidette's Soliloquy in Flanders.)

BY P. G. SMYTH.

[Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, was the idol of the Irish soldiers in the war between William and James. His chief exploit was the raising of the first siege of Limerick by the capture and destruction of the English siege train at Ballyneety. He received his death wound at the battle of Landen, in Flanders, July 19, 1693. The present Earl of Lucan (family name Bingham) is of an entirely different family, son of a ruthless agrarian exterminator, who was also responsible for the slaughter of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.]

Under the stars the camp fires quiver,
 Under the stars the sleeping host;
 The windmill gaunt by the sluggish river
 Waves its arms like a warning 'ghost.
 Mallacht go leor on this Flemish mireland,
 Flat as army soup, dull as lead,
 Give me the good old times in Ireland
 When Lucan led,
 Sunny valley and hill in Ireland,
 When Lucan led!

Soul of honor, as firm, unmoving
 As oak tree set on a Gaelic dun,
 Valorous heart, strong hand for proving,
 And face that cheered like the Irish sun!
 Happy the camp when—fight or raiding—
 "Boot and saddle" the trumpet sped;
 Glad was the mount and swift parading
 When Lucan led,
 Blood and fire all felt like wading
 When Lucan led!

Jingle of steel and creak of leather,
 Cavalry ranks in brave array;
 "Ready, my bouchals, spur together,
 Lively work for our blades to-day—
 Charge!"— and his guiding sword is throwing
 Rings of light 'round his kingly head;
 Fareer gair for the Saxon's showing
 When Lucan led,
 Crimson the crop and fierce the mowing
 When Lucan led!

Memory comes of an action featy:
 The sentry's challenge, the answer clear,
 As our squadrons thundered on Ballyneety,
 "The word is Sarsfield, the man is here!"
 And the man was there with a sword unsparing,
 And the mighty guns, 'mid a pile of dead,
 Were blown to the sky for the good of Erin
 When Lucan led,
 The grandest light ever flashed in Erin—
 When Lucan led!

Mo bhron the change—decay, inaction,
 Ruined castles and broken men,
 The devil's hoof of the foreign faction
 Desecrating each hallowed glen;
 The limerick scroll is defiled and tattered,
 Tyrants swagger where heroes bled,
 The cream of our race exiled and scattered,
 Since Lucan led.
 Erin a hulk by the elbows battered
 Since Lucan led.

Lost to the old land? Lucan? Never!

Waits and watches his faithful soul
To help the people their bonds to sever

When the trumpets ring and the volleys roll.
They'll seem to see, 'mid the tumult gory,

His stately shade at their charging head
And they'll fight as their fathers fought in story

When Lucan led,
With the force and fire, with the glee and glory
When, Sarsfield led!

SEAGHAN O'DUIBHIR A'GHLEANNA.

TRANSLATED BY PATRICK J. MCCALL.

[In English, John O'Dwyer of the Glen. A Jacobite ditty, illustrative of the vain and pathetic hopes of the Irish for delivery in the terrible penal period following the surrender of Limerick, 1691, and the perfidious violation of the terms of toleration for Catholics.]

At peep of day I started
 From dreamland's fairy palace,
 A peal o'er nature rattled
 And made the heavens quake;
 The Green Bird and the Badger
 Fought fiercely in the valley,
 The wee birds were all gathered
 Like sere leaves in the brake!
 I viewed in deep distraction
 A rude, unequal battle;
 Too soon, the Green Bird, vanquished,
 Was trampled under shame.
 O morn of grief and anguish,
 Distraught, I feel my anger—
 "Ah, Seaghan O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna,
 We're worsted in the game."

To me, away from pathways,
 And free from shame and laughter,
 That eve the radiant Banba
 Appeared like goddess fair.
 And while I gazed enchanted

At sight of this rare phantom,
Her lightning blade outflashing
 Flung bright day on the air.
She cried: "O darling champion
Ere you invade my garden
In this green ancient alley,
 Pray tell me whence you came."
"From Galway by extraction,
But born in Connemara;
And Seaghan O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna
 Men call me by name."

She sighed, "Since morn the Blackbird
Sat silent on the bramble,
The bright thrush scorned to gather
 One berry from the spray;
No swallows drove their chariots,
No larks scaled sunny ladders,
No cuckoos said "in arbours"
 Their litanies of day.
Yet though all cheeks show ghastly,
Though bawn and street grow grassy,
No thought of fiendish passions
 My strong young heart can tame.
Go, doff your fleecy garments,
Put on your stout steel armour;
And Seaghan O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna,
 We yet will win the game."

BRENNAN ON THE MOORE.

[The period that succeeded the exile of the native Irish gentry produced a number of bold outlaws who preyed on the imported spoilers, but were heroes with the peasantry. Prominent among them was the subject of this old ballad, long a rustic favorite.]

It's of a fearless highwayman a story I will tell,
His name was Willie Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell,
And on the Livart mountains he commenced his bold career,
Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

Brave and undaunted stood bold Brennan on the moor!

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day,
He never robbed a poor man upon the King's highway,
But when he'd taken from the rich, he gave to them had less,
And always did divide with the widow in distress.

One day upon the highway, as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town;
The Mayor he knew his features, "I think, young man," said he.
"Your name is Willie Brennan—you must come along with me."

As Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy,
When she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry;
He says, "Give me that tenpence!" As soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him the blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Then with his loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble, and robbed him of his gold;
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
And with his horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

Then Brennan, being an outlaw upon the mountain high,
Where cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, 'tis said,
By a false-hearted young man he was basely betrayed.

In the County Tipperary, in a place they call Clonmore,
Willie Brennan and his comrade they did suffer sore;
He lay among the fern, which was thick upon the field,
And nine wounds he did receive, before that he would yield.

Then Brennan and his companion, knowing they were betrayed,
He with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made;
He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball,
And Brennan and his comrade they were taken after all.

So they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
And conveyed to Clonmel Jail, strong walls did them surround;
They were tried and found guilty, the judge made this reply—
“For robbing on the King’s highway, you are both condemned
to die!”

Farewell unto my darling wife, and to my children three,
Likewise my aged father—he may shed tears for me;
And to my loving mother, who tore her grey locks, and cried,
Saying, “I wish Willie Brennan in your cradle you had died!”

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

[Imaginary but rational account of the origin of America's ensign.]

O! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship Castle Down,
 The day we hung our oclors out, the Harp without the Crown!
 A gallant bark, she topped the wave; and gallant hearts were we,
 With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company.
 'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot;* and sweeping down the bay,
 The "Siege of Carrickfergus" so merrily did we play;
 By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty cheers;
 And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
 Volunteers,
 O! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we waved our anchor on the breast of smooth
 Garmoyle,
 Our guns spoke out in thunder: "Adieu, sweet Irish soil!"
 At Whiteabbey, and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
 Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs with many a loud huzza.
 Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round;
 Young Freeman struggling at her birth, might utter such a sound.
 But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered it
 still;
 The people had changed its name that year and called it Bunk-
 er's Hill;†
 Bunker's Hill,
 O! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench at
 Bunker's Hill.

Our ship cleared out for Quebec port; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant,
We took our course due North as out 'round old Blackhead we
steered,

Till Ireland bore southwest by south, and Fingall's rock appeared,
Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung flutteringly,
About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea.

He pointed to the Atlantic—"Yonder's no place for slaves;
Haul down these British badges; for Freedom rules the waves.
Rules the waves!"

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, "Freedom rules
the waves!"

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British Crown;
Emblazoned there a golden harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head, looked o'er the sea and
smiled,

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course afar;
On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-
of war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft, and nailed it to the mast,
To the mast.

A soldier was that old Jackson; he made our colors fast.

Patrick Henry was our Captain, as brave as ever sailed;
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for our green old flag is
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray;
Then, their boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we cast,

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast:

“Now, British Tars! St. George’s cross is trailing in the sea;
How do you like the greeting, and the handsel of the free?
Of the Free?

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free?”

They answered us with cannon, their honor to redeem;
To shoot away our Irish flag, each gunner took his aim;
They ripped it up in ribbons, till it fluttered in the air,
And filled with shot-holes till no trace of golden Harp was there;
But the ragged holes did glance and gleam, in the sun’s golden
light,

Even as the twinkling stars adorn God’s unfurled flag at night.
With drooping fire we sung—“Good night, and fare-ye-well,
brave Tars!”

Our Captain looked aloft;—“By Heaven! the flag is stripes
and stars,

Stripes and stars.”

Right into Boston port we sailed, below the Stripes and Stars.

*The landing of Thurot at Carrigfergus, in 1760, was long used as an epoch by the people in the North, and is known to have occasioned the first formation of the Irish volunteers.

†Bunker’s Hill, on the shore of County Down, opposite Belfast, was so called in honor of the famous hill at Boston.

BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

[Irish street ballad of the insurrectionary period, 1798-1804. Still and deservedly popular.]

By Memory inspired,
 And love of country fired,
 The deeds of Men I love to dwell upon;
 And the patriotic glow
 Of my spirit must bestow
 A tribute to the friends that are gone, boys, gone!
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone.

In October 'Ninety-seven—
 May his soul find rest in Heaven—
 William Orr to execution was led on:
 The jury, drunk, agreed
 That Irish was his creed;
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on;
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone.

In 'Ninety-eight—the month July—
 The informer's pay was high;
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave McCann;
 But McCann was Reynolds' first—
 One could not allay his thirst;
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne, that are gone, boys, gone.
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
 Shed for John and Henry Sheares,
 Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;
 We may forgive but yet
 We never can forget
 The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys, gone—
 Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
 Like a man, without a sigh;
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
 But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
 And coward heart at best,
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys, gone;
 Here's the memory of our friends that are gone.

September, Eighteen-three,
 Closed this cruel history,
 When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
 O, had their souls been wise,
 They might then realize
 Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchell that is gone, boys, gone;
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

BY CANON FURLONG, "Taghmon."

The story of our native land, from weary age to age,
Is writ in blood and scalding tears on many a gloomy page;
But darkest, saddest page of all, is that which tells the fate
Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the priests of 'Ninety-Eight.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
The love of darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
The love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
With such a love they loved their land, the priests of 'Ninety-Eight.

To heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's unheeded prayer;
The voice of vengeful blood that cries up from the reeking sod—
Ah! may well ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests of God!

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry, and gathered in her might,
And swore around uplifted cross until the latest breath
To follow where her soggarth led—to victory or death!

The Soggarth led the pikemen forth like lions brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
Where wronged and wronger, foot to foot, in deadly grip were
seen,
And England's hated red went down before the Irish Green.

Radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad their doom
 To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
 A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free
 Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Honor them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good and wise—
 Who for its sake in civil days made willing sacrifice
 Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
 To feed with their own heart's blood—the priests of 'Ninety-
 Eight.

THE GLORY OF NINETY-EIGHT.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

[Lawyer, of Chicago, author of numerous pleasing verses.]

We do not grieve for 'Ninety-eight—
Its memories never ban—
Our fathers rose 'gainst whelming foes
To raise downtrodden man,
They drew the sword for human right
Against their tyrants' reign;
The men who've died in freedom's fight
Have never died in vain.

We do not curse thee, 'Ninety-eight—
No cry of vengeance raise,
Nor grudge the blood by field and flood
Then shed in trials' days.
Each patriot father's loyal son
Will arm 'mid blood and tears—
And freedom's battle then begun
Will strengthen with the years.

We do not blush for 'Ninety-eight.
But praise the noble band
Who in the strife pledged honor—life—
To save their native land,
In danger's dark and direful hour
They risked their all to free
Their country from the despot's power—
And died for liberty.

We love thy memories, 'Ninety-eight—
No useless tears we shed
For heroes brave who died to have
The land for which they bled;
They fought to break the despot's chain
That pressed their country down,
To burst the links on land and main
That held her to the crown.

Brave martyred men of 'Ninety-eight
Your cause can never die,
The good and great some adverse fate
May baffle or defy;
The patriots' blood for freedom shed
Is but the good seed sown—
That springs from graves of heroes dead—
To overwhelm the throne.

THE LONDON PRIDE AND SHAMROCK.

BY ROBERT EMMET.

[This poem, written while the author was a student in Trinity College, Dublin, was originally published in *The Press*, a paper printed in the eventful years of 1797 and 1798. The lesson it points as to the relations between Ireland and England is today true as ever. It is here as a relic of the devoted young patriot of revered memory, who lost his life on the scaffold Sept. 20, 1803.]

Full many a year, close side by side,
A Shamrock grew and London Pride;
Together how they came to grow,
I do not care, nor do I know;
But this I know, that overhead
A Laurel cast a wholesome shade.
The Shamrock was of lovely green,
In early days as e'er was seen;
And she had many a hardy son
In days of old; but they are gone—
For soon the other's creeping shoots
Did stream themselves 'round Shamrock's roots,
Then, thief-like, fasten'd in her soil,
And suck'd the sap of poor Trefoil.

Until in time, pert London Pride
Got up so high as quite to hide
Poor Shamrock, who could seldom see
The Sun's bright face, nor seen was she,
Save when an adverse blast did blow,
And laid her neighbor's honors low.

Then in the angry lady's spite,
 She drank the shower, she saw the light,
 She bath'd her sicklied charms in dew,
 And gather'd health and strength anew.
 She saw those joys had come from heaven,
 And ne'er were by her neighbor given;
 Yet her good nature ay to prove,
 She paid her jealous hate with love;

But when once more kind zephyrs came,
 And raised the o'ergrown storm-bent dame
 The ingrate strove her all to take,
 And forced poor Shamrock thus to speak:
 "Neighbour, we're born with equal right,
 To feel yon son and see his light,
 To enjoy the blessings of this earth,
 Or, if right follows, prior birth,
 In this still stronger is my claim,
 Long was I known, and great my fame,
 Before the world o'erheard thy name.

But letting all those strong claims lie,
 Pray, tell me is it policy
 To thwart my offspring as they rise,
 To break my heart to blind their eyes?
 Sure if they spread the earth along,
 Grow handsome, healthy, stout and strong,
 They will, as usual, happy be
 To lend that useful strength to thee;
 Thus would we keep each other warm,
 And guard us from all coming harm;
 We'd steady stand when wild winds blow,

And laugh in spite of frost or snow,
And guard the root of our loved Laurel,
Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel."

"No more"—the vexed virago cries,
Wild fury flashing from her eyes,
"I'll hear no more—your bounds I'll mark,
And keep you ever in the dark;
Here is a circle, look you here,
One step beyond it if you dare;
And if I hear you more complain,
I'll tear thy rising heart in twain;
I've made thy sons kill one another,
And soon they shall destroy their mother.
I'll thus"—a flash of heavenly fire,
Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire,
Scattered the London Pride around;

The black clouds roared with horrid sound;
The vivid lightning flashed again,
And laid the laurel on the plain;
But soon succeeds a heavenly calm,
Soft dews descend and showers of balm;
The sun shoots forth its kindest ray
And Shamrock strengthens every day;
And raised by heaven's assistant bland,
Bids fair to spread o'er all the land;
She guards the blasted Laurel roots;
The natural Laurel upward shoots,
And grateful wreaths its dark green boughs
To grace great Shamrock's aged brow.

MORAL.

Take heed, learn wisdom hence, weak man,
And keep a good friend while you can;
If to your friend you are unkind,
E'en Jove will be against you joined;
Reflect that every act you do
To strengthen him, doth strengthen you,
To serve you he is—willing—able—
Two twists will make the strongest cable
To bind a friend and keep him steady,
To have him e'er in reach and ready.

THE SENTENCE OF ROBERT EMMET.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

“When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,
then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.”

A crowded court, a breathless bar,
Both judge and jury flushed with rage,
A fearless felon there to mar
And blot with shame Britannia's page!
A hero brave, a rebel bold,
A patriot to make tyrants pause,
A man of gallant, martial mould,
A martyr in his country's cause!

And who the prisoner in the dock?
And what his crime against the State?
And why a doom worse than the block
Pronounced on one so good and great?
A name with honor to be known
In every age and every land
Where freedom bravely holds her own
And freemen rally, hand in hand.

O, Robert Emmet, glorious son
Of liberty and Erin's love,
Thy dying words have but begun
To echo to the skies above!
Thy crime, thy country's pride and boast,
Thy death, the dearest men may crave—
To drive the despot from her coast,
A people to unchain and save!

The brutal Toler jibes and jeers,
 The traitor Plunket smiles in scorn,
 While Irishmen are moved to tears
 And generous breasts with grief are torn,
 As Emmett dares the bench's worst—
 Its ruthless wrath, the hangman's knot,
 A sentence cruel and accurst,
 A fate that cannot be forgot!
 And all for love of native land,
 Of friends and fields and firesides dear,
 He stands a champion, royal, grand,
 Of noble front, without a fear!
 His cheeks unblanched, his pulse unchecked,
 To face the gallows and the grave,
 A victim for the altar docked
 With blessings that about him wave!
 "Let no man write my epitaph,
 But lay my memory in the tomb
 Until the bitter cup we quaff
 Be wreathed with the shamrock's bloom
 And dear old Ireland takes her place
 Among the nations of the world;
 The sunburst lighting up her face,
 Her emerald flag again unfurled!"
 He died amid the heartfelt grief
 Of comrades, brothers in the strife,
 None strong enough to yield relief,
 No pity there to spare his life.
 And Britain's doom was breathed that morn
 In judgment on the rising gale,
 For vows of dire revenge were borne
 On sighs that soon became a wail!

The life that Emmet freely gave
Is cherished in a nation's soul!
The love he bore springs from his grave
To bless the earth while time shall roll.
His sacred gift, a sainted name,
Hibernia, is forever thine,
To lead thy sons to endless fame,
Thy daughters to a holy shrine!

The Harp of Tara sounds once more,
For patriot fingers sweep the strings,
And heroes throng the blood-stained shore,
Whose cheer above the battle rings.
The seed that swells in Irish sod
Was sown by hands upraised on high
In prayer and reverence to God,
And martyr-harvests never die!

The soul of Emmet marches on
Among the silent, serried ranks,
With steadfast eyes toward the sun,
Upon eternity's green banks!
The book of fate is never shut,
Nor dry the ink on history's page,
Till right above the wrong is put,
And justice triumphs o'er the age!

AN IRISHMAN'S WISH ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, FIRST BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

[From the period of the devoted Emmet we glide onward a couple of decades into the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Giving full credit to the great and brilliant efforts of O'Connell, the fact remains that the demands of Ireland were granted by the English government largely through fear of Irish physical force, as threatened from America. The advanced national and democratic views of the Rev. John England, of Cork, were such that nearly all the bishops in Ireland, fearing that, from his talents, he was about to succeed to an Irish see, signed a memorial to Rome praying that he might be appointed to some foreign one (the venerable Dr. Coppinger, patriot prelate of Cloyne, a friend and admirer of Dr. England, refusing to sign the degrading document). Accordingly a see was found for the patriot Irish priest among the slave owners and slaves of Carolina. But even here he rendered effective and formidable service to his native land. He almost personally organized, in 1828, a force of 40,000 men, which, headed by General Montgomery, the son of an Irish refugee, was intended for the invasion of Ireland had Catholic emancipation continued to be withheld. Even O'Connell himself knew but little of this. But the Duke of Wellington, high opponent of the Catholic claims, had full knowledge of it, and the result was—surrender. The patriot soul of Dr. England lives in his spirited verses.]

Oh! who that has not wandered far
 From where he first drew vital air,
 Can tell how bright the visions are
 Which still surround his fancy there?
 For, oh! 'tis sweet 'round memory's throne,
 When time and distance gild the way,
 To cite the scenes that long have flown
 And view them o'er on Patrick's Day.

Though distant from our native shore,
 And bound by Fortune's stern decree
 To tread our native land no more,
 Still, Erin, we must think on thee.

Is there a heart of Irish mould
That does not own the magic sway
That tempts the generous patriot soul
To celebrate our St. Patrick's Day?

No nation e'er at Freedom's shrine
Has sacrificed more rights than we;
Our blood has flown in every clime
That raised the shout of liberty.
But, oh! will Freedom never smile,
Nor shed one bright, one cheering ray
To cheer our own lov'd native isle,
And raise our hopes on Patrick's Day?

Yes, Erin, raise thy drooping brow,
And wreathe it with the Shamrock green;
Go, tell thy proud, thy haughty foe
That she's no longer Ocean's Queen.
Columbia's banners wave on high,
Her Eagle seizes on its prey;
Then, Erin, wipe thy tearful eye,
And raise thy hopes on Patrick's Day.

Thy gallant sons have nobly bought
Columbia's gratitude for thee;
In Freedom's cause they nobly fought,
And shed their blood for Liberty.
Then sing, my Harp! and speak, my soul!
Let tyrants grumble as they may;
The wish we'll speak is—"*England's fall!*"
And Erin's joy on Patrick's Day.

THE FAMINE YEAR.

BY LADY WILDE.

[Written in the terrible time (1846-1848), when Ireland was losing millions of her people by famine, plague and flight, induced by the loss of the potato crop and augmented by the brutalities of landlordism, backed by British bayonets.]

Weary men, what reap ye?—golden corn for the stranger.
 What sow ye?—human corpses that wait for the avenger.
 Fainting forms, hunger stricken, what see you in the offing?
 Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's scoffing
 There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?
 They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the poor.
 Pale mothers, wherefore weeping? Would to God that we were
 dead—

Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them bread.

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant faces,
 God meant you but to smile within your mother's soft embraces.
 Oh, we know not what is smiling, and we know not what is dying;
 But we're hungry, very hungry, and we cannot stop our crying.
 And some of us grow cold and white—we know not what it means;
 But as they lie beside us, we tremble in our dreams.
 There's a gaunt crowd on the highway—are ye come to pray
 to man,
 With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words your faces
 wan?

No; the blood is dead within our veins—we care not now for life;
Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children and from wife;
We cannot stay and listen to their raving, famished cries—
Bread! Bread! Bread! and none to still their agonies.
We left our infants playing with their dead mother's hand;
We left our maidens maddened by the fever's scorching brand;
Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thine own dark-twisted
tresses—
Better, infant, thou were smothered in thy mother's first caresses.

We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our groan;
Yet, if fellow-men desert us, will He hearken from His throne?
Accursed are we in our own land, yet toil we still and toil;
But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns our soil.
O, Christ, how have we sinned, that on our native plains
We perish houseless, naked, starved, with branded brow, like
Cain's?

Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
Dying as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.

One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces to the sky;
We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them lie.
The wild bird, if he's stricken, is mourned by the others,
But we—we die in Christian land—we die amid our brothers,
In the land which God has given, like a wild beast in his cave
Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin or a grave.
Ha! but think ye the contortions upon each living face ye see
Will not be read on Judgment Day by eyes of Deity?

We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build your
pride,

But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for whom Christ
died.

Now is your hour of pleasure—back ye in the world's caress ;
But our whitening bones against ye will rise as witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred, uncoffined
masses,

For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as he passes,
A ghastly, spectral army before the great God we'll stand,
And arraign ye as our murderers, the spoilers of our land !

JILLEN ANDY.

BY JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

[An episode of the great Irish famine of 1847.]

"Come to the graveyard, if you're not afraid,
I'm going to dig my mother's grave, she's dead,
And I want some one that will bring the spade,
For Andy's out of home, and Charlie's sick in bed."

Thade Andy was a simple-spoken fool,
With whom in early days I loved to stroll,
He'd often take me on his back to school,
And make the master laugh himself, he was so droll.

In songs and ballads he took great delight,
And prophecies of Ireland yet being freed,
And singing them by our fireside at night,
I learned songs from Thade before I learned to read.

And I have still "by heart" his "Colleen Fhune,"
His "Croppy Boy," his "Phoenix of the Hall,"
And I could "rise" his "Rising of the Moon,"
If I could sing in prison cell—or sing at all.

He'd walk the "eerie" place a moonlight night,
He'd whistle in the dark—even in bed;
In fairy fort or graveyard, Thade was quite
As fearless of a ghost as any ghost of Thade.

Now in the dark churchyard we work away,
 The shovel in his hand, in mine the spade,
 And seeing Thade cry I cried myself that day,
 For Thade was fond of me and I was fond of Thade.

But after twenty years why now will such
 A bubbling spring up to my eyelids start?
 Ah! there be things that ask not leave to touch
 The fountain of the eyes or feelings of the heart.

"This load of clay will break her bones, I fear,
 For when alive she wasn't over strong.
 We'll dig not deeper, I can watch her here
 A month or so, sure nobody will do me wrong."

Four men bear Jillen on a door—'tis light,
 They have not much of Jillen but her frame.
 No mourners come, for 'tis believed the sight
 Of any death or sickness now begets the same.

And those brave hearts that volunteer to touch
 Plague-stricken death are tender as they're brave,
 They raise poor Jillen from her tainted couch,
 And shade their swimming eyes while laying her in the grave.

I stand within that grave, nor wide nor deep,
 The slender, wasted body at my feet;
 What wonder is it if strong men will weep
 O'er famine-stricken Jillen in her winding-sheet.

Her head I try to pillow on a stone,
 But it will hang one side, as if the breath
 Of famine gaunt into the corpse had blown,
 And blighted in the nerves the rigid strength of death.

“Hand me that stone, child.” In his hands ’tis placed;
Down-channelling his cheeks are tears like rain;
The stone within his handkerchief is cased,
And then I pillow on it Jillen’s head again.

“Untie the nightcap string,” “Unloose that lace,”
“Take out that pin,” “There, now, she’s nicely—rise,
But lay the apron first across her face,
So that the earth won’t touch her lips or blind her eyes.

“Don’t grasp the shovel too tightly—there, make a heap,
Steal down each shovelful quietly—there, let it creep
Over her poor body lightly; friend, do not weep,
Tears would disturb old Jillen in her last, long sleep.”

And Thade was faithful to his watch and ward;
Where’er he’d spend the day, at night he’d haste
With his few sods of turf to that churchyard,
Where he was laid himself before the month was past.

Then Andy died a-soldiering in Bombay,
And Charlie died in Ross the other day,
Now, no one lives to blush because I say
That Jillen Andy went uncoffined to the clay.

E’en all are gone that buried Jillen, save
One banished man who dead alive remains,
The little boy that stood within the grave
Stands for his country’s cause in England’s prison chains.

How oft in dreams that burial scene appears,
Through death, eviction, prison, exile, home,
Through all the suns and moons of twenty years—
And oh! how short these years compared with years to come.

Some things are strongly on the mind impressed,
 And others faintly imaged there, it seems;
 And this is why, when reason sinks to rest,
 Phases of life do show and shadow forth in dreams.

And this is why in dreams I see the face
 Of Jillen Andy looking in my own,
 The poet-hearted man—the pillow case,
 The spotted handkerchief that softened the hard stone.

Welcome those memories of scenes of youth,
 That nursed my hate of tyranny and wrong,
 That helmed my manhood in the path of truth,
 And help me now to suffer calmly and be strong.

And suffering calmly is a trial test,
 When at the tyrant's foot and felon-drest,
 When State and master-jailer do their best,
 To make you feel degraded, spiritless, opprest.

When barefoot before Dogberry, and when
 He mocks your cause of 'prisonment, and speaks
 Of "Thieves," "State orders," "No distinctions"—then
 Because you speak at work—hard bread and board for
 weeks.

Or when he says, "Too well you're treated for
 Times were you'd hang;" "You were worse fed at home;"
 "You can't be more degraded than you are;"
 "You should be punished also in the world to come."

When sneer, and jeer, and insult follow fast,
And heavenward you look, or look, or look him down,
He rages and commands you to be classed
And slaved amongst the slaves of infamied renown.

When England—worthy of the mean and base—
Smites you when bound, flings outrage in your face,
When hand to hand with thieves she gives you place,
To scoff at freedom for your land and scattered race:

To suffer calmly when the cowardly wound,
From wanton insult, makes the veins to swell
With burning blood, is hard, though doubly bound
In prison within prison—a blacker hell in hell.

The body starved to break the spirit down,
That will not bend beneath the scourging rod;
The dungeon dark that pearls the prisoner's crown,
And stars the suffering that awakens Freedom's God.

Those who ever won had to endure
This human suffering proves good at last,
The painful operation works the cure,
The health-restoring draught is bitter to the taste.

'Tis suffering for a trampled land, that suffering
Bears heavenly fruit, and all who ever trod
In Freedom's path, found heavenly help when offering
Their sacrifice of suffering to Freedom's God.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

BY REV. J. F. TORMEY.

[Written at a time when, through the work of greedy and evicting landlords, backed by the power of England, the lifeblood began to pour in great volumes out of Ireland.]

What shall become of the ancient race,
The noble Keltic island race?
Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
When winter storms are loud and high,
Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
What shall become of the Keltic race?

What shall befall the ancient race—
The poor, unfriended, faithful race?
Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
The hawk and the owlet flap their wing;
The village homes, oh, who can trace—
God of our persecuted race!

What shall befall the ancient race?
Is treason's stigma on their face?
Be they cowards or traitors? Go—
Ask the shade of England's foe;
See the gems her crown that grace;
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
With blood of Kelts right bravely shed;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race,
And hell-born laws, with prison jaws;
And greedy Lords, with tiger maws,
Have swallowed—swallowed still apace—
The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race?
They fly their father's burial place;
The proud lords with the heavy purse,
Their father's shame, their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face—
They dig a grave for the ancient race!

What shall befall the ancient race?
Shall all forsake their dear birthplace,
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep—
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O ancient race?

What shall befall the ancient race?
Light up one hope for the ancient race;
Oh, priest of God—Soggarth aroon!
Lead but way, we'll go full soon;
Is there a danger we will not face,
To keep the old homes for the Irish race?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
 They must not go, the ancient race!
 Come gallant Kelts, and take your stand—
 And form a league to save the land;
 The land of faith, the land of grace,
 The land of Erin's ancient race!

They must not go, the ancient race!
 They must not go, the ancient race!
 The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
 From emerald vale to mountain hour,
 From altar high to market place—
 "They shall not go, the ancient race!"

SONGS IN EXILE.

[After the failure of the feeble rising of 1848, the same British man-of-war bore William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terrence Bellew McManus and Patrick O'Donohue to undergo life exile in the Australian criminal colonies. On the voyage the following songs were written.]

Great Albion, here at midnight hour,
Surrounded by thy guns,
I sing the triumph of thy power
O'er Ireland's patriot sons.
'Twas not enough to shake thy ire,
Our limbs with chains to bind,
But thou must quench the living fire
Which still illumines our mind.

When we with poesy divine
Strive to beguile the night,
Fat Sergeant Perry comes at nine
And robs us of our light.
'Twas once to England's tars of old
A pride with men to fight,
But now their duty is, we're told—
To put the muse to flight.

The powers of darkness thus assail
Sweet learning's gentle joys,
And, sleepless, we our lot bewail,
Opprest with heat and noise.

Exult, proud England! o'er thy foe,
 At length he owns thy might,
 His mind its culture must forego
 While thus deprived of light.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Written on board H.M.S. Swift, July 27, 1849.

Although it is our lot to range
 The earth's wide surface o'er,
 Yet still our hearts can know no change,
 We're Paddies evermore.

Place us beneath yon burning sky,
 On Africa's arid shore,
 Yet e'en within the torrid zone
 We're Paddies evermore.

Let beef be tough, and biscuit dry,
 And milkless tea outpour,
 We'll shed no tear, we'll heave no sigh,
 We're Paddies evermore.

Though short our day, and quenched our light
 Before that day be o'er,
 Yet still our hearts can know no night,
 We're Paddies evermore.

Let sharks and dolphins shun the hook,
 Baited from purser's store,
 We'll catch them yet by hook or crook,
 We're Paddies evermore.

Though Neptune come with tar and soap
Our bearded chins to score,
Still with this shaver we will cope,
We're Paddies evermore.

Although the whitening surge beat high,
And loud the tempest roar,
Yet quail we not when death seems nigh,
We're Paddies evermore.

Although the Cape no hope may bring,
Our tone we will not low'r,
For still in Table Bay we'll sing,
We're Paddies evermore.

And when we tread Van Dieman's strand,
Transported to that shore,
In prayer we'll bless our native land,
As Paddies evermore.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

H.M.S. Swift, July 20, 1849.

BRINGING THE McCORMACK'S HOME.

BY JOE FOGARTY.

[On May 11, 1858, two boys were hanged in Nenagh, Tipperary, on trumped-up evidence, for the killing of a persecuting land agent named Ellis. A furious storm of thunder and lightning that attended the execution persuaded the people that a judicial murder had been done, and the hostile judge who delivered sentence was haunted by the memory of his act to his dying day. May 11, 1910, the fifty-second anniversary of their death, the remains of the young victims were removed to the cemetery of their native place, Loughmore.]

Call, O valiant Tipperary,
 Your kind, sympathetic men,
 From your highways and your byways,
 From each mountain, wood and glen;
 Bring the young men and the old men
 And the men in manhood's prime;
 Bring your mothers, wives and daughters
 At this solemn mourning time;
 Join the mighty funeral cortege,
 Swell its numbers more and more,
 Till it reaches clear from Nenagh
 To the churchyard of Loughmore.

Come from hamlet and from village,
 From each crossroad and each town,
 From the borders of the Shannon
 To the slopes of Knock-mel-Down;
 From each corner in the county
 Where the love of Freedom springs,

From the sturdy town of Thurles
And from Cashel of the Kings.
So great and proud a funeral
Was never seen before
As that which brings the Martyrs
To the churchyard of Loughmore.

Every fireside in the county
Where good neighbors congregate
Has for all-engrossing topic
But the young McCormacks' fate,
How their lives were rudely taken
By a power known as The Law—
English Vengeance garbed as Justice,
Foreign bird with greedy maw.
But their memory will be cherished
When their tyrants are no more,
And their monument speak honor
In the churchyard of Loughmore.

Then to venerate those martyrs
With a love that ne'er shall die
Raised they up the caoine of sorrow
Till it rent the Irish sky.
They came in tens of thousands
Bringing home that sacred clay,
Placing wreaths upon the coffins
Made of fairest flowers of May.
They lowered them gently to their graves
To rest for evermore
With the ashes of their fathers
In the churchyard of Loughmore.

Sweet innocence and patriot truth
 By tyrants trampled on
 In splendor will come forth again
 Like bright May morning sun.
 The callous, proud oppressors long
 Have spread despair and gloom
 And driven thousands of our race
 To exile, woe and doom;
 But soon their wicked reign is past,
 Their evil day is o'er
 While memory guards the loved and slain
 Like the McCormacks of Loughmore.

RIDGEWAY.

BY SCIAN DUBH.

[The battle of Ridgeway, in Canada, was fought on the morning of June 2, 1866, when 450 Fenians, who had crossed from Buffalo, routed a British-Canadian force of about 1,200, under Colonel Booker. This demonstration of the vulnerability of Canadian territory led to the speedy settlement of the Alabama claims, amounting to \$15,000,000, for injury done American commerce by Confederate ships of prey fitted out in English ports.]

There's a flush on the cheek of the gallant O'Neill!—

There is blood on his lip and strange light in his eye;
And there's death in the gleam of his chivalrous steel,

As it sweeps round his head like a flash round the sky,
While his horse, white with foam, plunges deep, mid the foe,
Through the red lane he opens at every blow!

In that hurricane swoop of the sons of the Gael,

And their merciless shout that rings out on the air,
See the face of the tyrant grows haggard and pale,

For he knows the wild longing for vengeance that's there;
See him crushed with the terrible cry that he hears,
Bursting forth from the lips of seven hundred long years.

Breast to breast! crash on crash! hand to hand! hip and thigh!

And the field is a desert!—the foemen are fled!
And again the bright "Sun-burst" waves proudly on high,

While low down in the dust lies the banner of red,
And the clarion of triumph sends forth a long peal,
For the sons of the Gael and their gallant O'Neill!

Buffalo, March 17th, 1868.

THE CONVICT GREY.

BY COL. RICARD O'SULLIVAN BURKE.

[Colonel Burke, a native of Coachford, County Cork, Ireland, after serving with distinction in the engineer corps during the American Civil War, went to Ireland to promote a threatened and at one time a very promising insurrection against the British government. After having taken a leading part in the rescue of two Fenian officers at Manchester (in connection with which affair Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were judicially murdered), he was arrested and spent many years in English prisons. He is now an employe of the bureau of engineering, city of Chicago. In reference to the following poem, he says:

"The policy of England in substituting the Treason Felony Act for that of High Treason in nearly all the trials of the Irish patriots of 1867, was, if possible, to remove from each case all idea of its political character and brand these patriots as ordinary felons, without morals or honor, and utterly devoid of all the elements of true manhood. England's press and public were loud in their proclamations that no one but those utterly without consciences, and who were lost to every sense of justice and right, could possibly raise their hands against so humane and beneficent an institution as the British government. During the imprisonment of these patriots, a constant effort was made by the prison officers to carry out this policy. We were told thousands of times by these officers, 'England has no political prisoners—all her prisoners are ordinary common criminals—mere felons', and they asserted that the Irish patriots were, if anything, the worst and most degraded of all the convicts.

"In direct defiance of this policy, and to show how the Irish patriots despised English opinion, holding it and all prison regulations under it in utter contempt, 'The Convict Gray' was written in Millbank Prison in December, 1867, immediately after I was moved from the House of Detention at Clerkenwell, subsequent to the explosion at that prison." The explosion referred to was an attempt made by Irish revolutionists in London to effect the colonel's release by blowing down the wall of the prison.]

They tell us that we are base and vile,
Have souls that pierced all grades of guile
And bear the taint; full well you know
How little we heed the sland'rous blow:

Our laugh and song
Shall echo along
The corridor's gloomy way;
Our hearts are free
Here though bound are we,
And wearing the convict grey.
Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
A manly garb is the convict grey!

Not our's the life to cringe or fawn
In servile heart, on purple or lawn;
Nor envy we the ermined great,
To finish their webs and rot in State;
Glory that falls
On their proud palls
Is a feeble transient ray;
Our duty and faith
Defy e'en death,
Though wearing the convict grey.
Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
A glorious garb is the convict grey!

Light hearted we come from field and camp,
To the narrow cells, the dungeon damp,
And our arms that waved the sabre blade
To the quarry toil, the pick, the spade:
The sash, the braid,
The gay cockade—

The dress of a martial day;
 Of each side's hue
 The grey and the blue
 Yield place to the convict grey.
 Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
 A soldier's garb is the convict grey.

Why should we fear, boys, to endure
 We who're pledged to the cause of the poor;
 Of labor's troops the advance brigade;
 Then steadily ply the pick and spade;
 Now while we toil
 Through this alien soil
 Down through root, through rock and clay—
 Our hearts are there,
 In old Ireland fair,
 Though wearing this convict grey.
 Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
 A patriot's garb is the convict grey.

We think of the desert where *they* pass'd,
 That bore for the starving food at last;
 E'er the sparkling draughts to the thirsty flow
When the rock is struck blow after blow
 Our ev'ry stroke
 Cuts deep in our yoke;
 We'll sever it quite some day!
 With sabre or spade,
 In labor's brigade,
 And wearing the convict grey.
 Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
 A nation's garb is the convict grey.

Freely to death our bodies we'd give—
Who would not die that his land might live?
And gladly we wear the convict's chain,
When off from her limbs its links are ta'en;
 For ours the part
 Of the strong true heart,
To strive through her gloomiest day;
 In court, or camp,
 Or in dungeon damp,
Or wearing the convict grey.
Comrades, up! hip! hip! hurrah!
A freeman's garb is the convict grey.

STAMPING OUT.

BY GENERAL CHARLES HALPINE.

[“We must stamp out the fires of this Fenian insurrection and quench its embers in the blood of the wretches who are its promoters.” So said The London Times in 1865. To which thus replied General Halpine (“Miles O’Reilly”), son of a Presbyterian minister of Dublin, Union officer in the American Civil War and author of many beautiful verses.]

Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out,
 The quenchless fire of a nation’s freedom?
 Your feet are broad and your legs are stout,
 But stouter for this you’ll need ’em!
 You have stamped away seven hundred years,
 But again and again the old cause rallies;
 Pikes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers
 And with the scythes come the men from our valleys

The steel-clad Norman, as he roams,
 Is faced by our naked galloglasses,
 We lost the plains and our pleasant homes,
 But we held the hills and passes;
 And still the beltane fires at night,
 If not a man were left to feed ’em,
 By widows’ hands piled high and bright,
 Flashed for the flame of freedom.

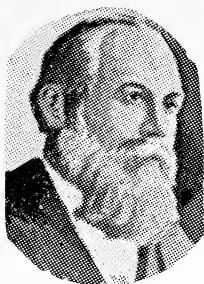
Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out,
 Or have your brutal arts been baffled?
 You have wielded the power of rope and knout,
 Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold.

But still, as from each martyr's hand
The fiery cross fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to seize the brand
Our beltane fires relighting.

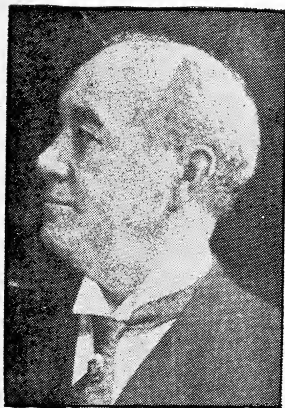
And once again through Irish nights,
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,
And numerous as the heavenly lights
Our rebel fires were gleaming!
And tho' again might fail that flame,
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
Fresh chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came,
And again the old flag floated.

That fire shall burn, that flag shall float,
By virtue nursed, by valor tended,
Till with one fierce clutch upon your throat,
Your Moloch reign is ended.
It may be now, or it may be then
That the hour will come we have hoped for ages,
But, failing and failing, we try again
And again the conflict rages!

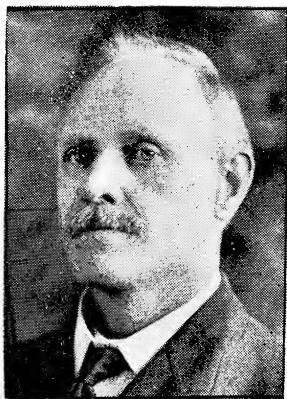
Our hate, tho' hot, is a patient hate,
Deadly and patient, to catch you tripping,
And your years are many, your crimes are great,
And the sceptre is from you slipping.
But stamp away with your brutal hoof,
While the fires to scorch you are upward cleaving,
For, with bloody shuttles, the warp and woof
Of your shroud, the Fates are weaving!



COL. RICARD O'S. BURKE



DR. JAMES A. PRINTY



MICHAEL CORBETT



FILL HIGH TO-NIGHT, BOYS.

(Written in Prison, November, 1867.)

BY COLONEL RICARD O'S. BURKE.

(Who reserves all rights.)

With ruby nectar, boys, fill high!
 Drink to the cause for which we'd die;
 And comrades, to each sparkling eye
 That gilded hours too soon gone by.
 Fill high to-night to patriot hearts
 That for our mother land have bled;
 And drain your goblets, boys, to all
 Who in their footsteps tread!
 And drain your goblets, boys, to all
 Who in their footsteps tread.

To woman's majesty we bow;
 The vassalage of hearts be ours;
 To beauty's radiant smile we vow
 Allegiance in our sunniest hours:—
 But, comrades, life's not all bright dreams,
 Of rosy rues, and beauty's beams;
 Some fiercer joys and sterner themes
 There rouse the true man's soul!
 Some fiercer joys and sterner themes
 There rouse the true man's soul!

Ah! well we know that right, when weak,
Is ever branded as the wrong;
By servile tongues that fear to speak
One word of truth against the strong.
Be our's the slander'd side to take:
And comrade fill! this toast be yours:
No pow'r the true man's faith can break—
He conquers who endures!
No pow'r the true man's faith can break—
He conquers who endures!

IRELAND'S WELCOME TO THE DISCHARGED BRITISH SOLDIER OF IRISH BIRTH.

BY COLONEL RICARD O'S. BURKE.

[Written in Woking Prison, England, in 1870, in reply to the suggestion of the Pall Mall Gazette, in the columns of which journal a statement appeared advising the British government to dishonorably discharge all Irishmen from its land service, on account of their long recognized disloyalty. The paragraph in question stated that the matter was about to receive Parliamentary action, which is supposed completed, and all British soldiers of Irish birth, in consequence, discharged.]

Yerra Shamus, ullhay, is it thrue what they say, this news from
the Parlimint,

That all me boys, me sojer boys, back home are to be sint?
Back home are to be sint, ullhay, in shame and black disgrace,
For having, inside o' their scarlet coats, the hearts of their grand
old race.

From me heart I say, God bless this day,
Ma bouchal bawn machree;
Without pinny or pack or tack to yer back
Ye'r welcome home to me.

They'll be sorry an' sore whin you're not to the fore these
dang'rous comin' years,
Oh, I forget, they're hayroes yet, musha see their volunteers;
An' when these hayroes meet the foe, faith vict'ries will be scant
'Tis right enough, you're not the sthuff, 'tis min wid legs they'll
want.

Whin you like a thravillin' killin' machine, o'er land and say did
roam,
Did it ever enther yer mind at all, you'd have work to do at home;
You'd have the work to do at home, ullhay, o' the quarest, quarest
kind.

Allana machree, come hether to me—there's something in the
wind.

In dark an' in dawn mabouchaleen bawn, they thried to coax you
away
Wid bounties and medals, and drums, and fifes, and ribbons so
bright and gay.
Machree I knew to me you'd be true, thro' thick and thin aich
day,
For heart so brave never bate in the slave, who'd fight for nothing
but pay.
The Shan Van Vocht is goin' round and sayin' things mighty
quare,
Allana machree, come hether to me, she has a word for yer air,
There's something in the wind, ullhay, there's strange things
goin' on,
An' may be the union-jack won't go—where union-jacks have
gone.
Did these wholesale despots think, ullhay, they'd bought you out
and out,
Whin they gave you a rag to cover your back, an' a bit to put in
yer mouth?
They thought you'd forget, allana machree, for they spoke so
smooth and fair,
How they rooted you out o' house and home and left you starving
and bare.
The ould, ould home is ruins now, the peelers shure pulled it
down,
And mother an' Eileen, shure, died that night in the snow, going
into the town.
In the old graveyard they are lying, ullhay, above them the night
wind moans,
Oh, 'lanna machree, shure you'll thry to free, the sod that covers
their bones.

In life there's nothing nobler than revinge for our martyr'd dead;
To lighten the load of the hard oppressed, to give the hungry
bread;

To strive for the poor, the plundered poor, with a brother's strong
true hand,

To march to the grand ould music still, for God and our mother
land.

From me heart I say, God bless this day,

Mabouchal bawn machree;

Without pinny or pack or tack to yer back

Ye'r welcome home to me.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

[A young Irish poetess of note, daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, a brilliant and able nationalist, at one time editor of the Dublin Irishman. Mr. Parnell died, to the immense loss of Ireland, October 6, 1891.]

Dead, you are dead, grief flies on swallow's wing
And leaves us stunned and very desolate,
The pen is dropped that hath proposed to sting,
Your enemies grew silent, awed by fate,

Beating the gates of death they will not shriek,
Nor strike you with the poison of their tongue.
Here they have judged, and there they dare not speak,
Justice is now, God's gates behind you swung.

Tonight must Erin hide her head for shame,
With cheeks too hot to bear a single tear,
You dead, your foes bring bay who brought but blame,
So coming late they desecrate your bier.

The mighty brain is now forever still,
Still with its past; still with its thoughts unborn,
Had not the great heart broke the iron will,
And led us bravely till the dawn of morn.

IN MEMORY OF THE SAME.

BY MARY FITZPATRICK.

See! the brave hands swift to strike in battle,
 Folded lie upon a marble breast—
 God! to think our cries can never wake him,
 Never pierce this callous, icy rest!

We may call and call him, wildly rending
 This death-hush with moans of human pain;
 But the pale sweet lips are locked forever—
 Silence! He will answer not again!

Hark! A fiendish roar of triumph rising
 Echoes hoarsely round his quiet bed;
 Yet he stirless lies, serenely smiling—
 Hate no more can wound him—he is dead!

He is dead! In manhood's splendor stricken,
 Like a proud oak blasted in its bloom,
 While we stretch despairing hands to reach him
 Through the silent darkness of the tomb.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

(Died May 30, 1906.)

BY ANDREW KENNY.

[Native of Balla, County Mayo. Well known in society and insurance circles in Chicago.]

Bereaved, afflicted motherland, your message we have read,
Your greatest and most worthy son is numbered with the dead;
With tear-dimmed eyes and loving hearts thy children o'er the sea,
Two million strong, send sympathy and greeting back to thee.

O fair and fertile land, thou art renowned o'er all the earth
For galaxies of peerless men to thee who owe their birth;
'Mid heroes, sages, patriots, saints—in all that honored roll—
The scribe shall write no name more bright than Davitt's on thy
scroll.

In ancient Strade, when Davitt's eyes first saw the light of day,
The juggernaut of alien rule rolled on its blighting way;
The landlord and the foreign foe worked fiercely hand in hand,
And famine's spectre, gaunt and grim, stalked over all the land.

'Twas then that millions starved to death or went into exile,
In fever ships some sadly went, far, far from Erin's Isle.
The plundered Celtic peasant had no place to lay his head,
And pampered Dives to Lazarus gave not a crumb of bread.

Since from the South Milesians sailed, three thousand years ago,
His gallant sires, their progeny, had lived in fair Mayo.
The tyrant came, the Davitts went, a little boy was ta'en
To seek a home and shelter in a land across the main.

John Bull exulted fiercely then that Ireland's hopes were o'er,
The Celts, now crushed and exiled, could resist his rule no more;
In myriads they were fleeing to strange lands across the sea,
And flocks and herds were browsing where the people used
to be.

But little dreamed the callous lord, this waif so weak and frail,
A child slave in a sweat shop, was Nemesis on the trail;
The boy toiled hard, was crushed and maimed, and lost his good
right hand,
But hoped and prayed for strength to aid his suffering native land.

The remnant of his scattered race, with thirst for vengeance
burned,
Their cry for justice, unappeased, for retribution yearned;
No tame submission Davitt preached, that gospel of the slave,
But joined the Fenian Brotherhood, his land to help and save.

At length they felt the hour had come, their country's wounds
were sore,
Resolved they were with England's might to measure swords
once more,
And by the graves of martyred sires, avenging kinsmen swore
To drive the ruthless Sassenach forever from their shore.

With more than Spartan courage fought the men of sixty-eight,
But might prevailed, their fate was sad, for England's strength
was great;

To gibbets doomed, in dungeons cast, were these heroic men,
And Davitt was a captive chained within the Lion's den.

Too long and sorrowful to tell, his sufferings worse than death,
No martyr ever suffered more for country or for faith,
Till years of cruel punishment appeased the tyrants hate,
And nature's nobleman came forth from out the prison gate.

'Tis thirty years since English rule his homestead waste had laid,
And twenty thousand Mayo men home hailed him back to Strade;
Beside his ruined cottage home, like Ajax grim and bold,
He hurled defiance at the foe, and slavery's death-knell tolled.

'Gainst alien rule and robber law he fiercely thundered forth,
His rousing words were heard afar, in east and south and north;
A glorious day for Ireland dawned, an era then began,
More potent and inspiring speech ne'er fell from lips of man.

With regal honors he was hailed by Gaels in every land,
They realized their Moses, their deliverer was at hand;
No time had he for jubilee while people were oppressed,
His life he gladly would lay down to have their wrongs redressed.

The Boers who fronted Britain's hosts to guard their native soil,
The suffering English workman, ill requitted for his toil;
That ancient and bewildering race, the children of Israel,
Had champion and defender in this son of Innisfail.

With sage advice and sacrifice, this warrior true as steel,
Did emulate the great Saint Paul in fervent, fervid zeal,
Success at length his efforts crowned the peasant's chains to
break—

Where men once groaned 'neath tyrant rule, 'tis tyrants now
that quake.

Outward with toil and struggle, pale and prematurely aged,
The bloodless yet successful strife incessantly he waged;
'Gainst plutocratic rule he fought, e'en to his latest breath,
Then first submitted to a King—the King of Terrors, Death!

Though, Ireland, you have suffered hard for many hundred years,
At length on thy horizon dark fair Freedom's dawn appears,
And bright stands Michael Davitt's fame amid the patriot band
That's led thee to the portals of that long-sought Promised Land.

And Pilgrim throngs will wend to Strade, the Mecca of the West,
With garlands green to deck his grave, and wish him peaceful
rest,

'Till Gabriel on that last great day his rousing trumpet rings
And wakes him from his bed of clay to meet the King of Kings.

THE IRISH FIELDS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. SULLIVAN BRENNAN.

[Of Chicago. Mrs. Brennan is author of a recently published and deservedly praised volume of graceful verse.]

Many have sung of her ruins old
That tell of her ancient glory,
And the thrilling deeds of her noble sons
Are told in song and story.

Others have sung of her cruel wrongs,
Of the chains that about her cling,
Full well I know her hist'ry's page,
But not of its themes I sing.

But of simple things and the simple lives
That to me seem good and fair,
Of the gentle women and manly men
Whom God has nurtured there.

Of the fair green fields around their homes
That are charming scenes to me,
Spreading o'er valleys far and wide
Or creeping down to the sea.

Up the mountain sides they softly climb,
With hedges of deepest green;
Wherever the eyes may roam or rest
The emerald fields are seen.

And all are gay with the fairest flowers
With poppies and daisies sweet,
Whether you wander o'er hill or vale,
They cluster about your feet.

There are many pictures that come and go
Which memory's storehouse yields;
But the fairest of these, that never fade,
Are the beautiful Irish fields.

THE GREEN OLD FLAG.

[Written by a New York Irishman, whose name, unfortunately, we cannot ascertain. The song, brief and simple, when well rendered, fires an audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.]

Over Erin's isle on high
Waves a Green Old Flag—
Erin's sons, to do or die,
Guard that Green Old Flag—
It has waved, for myriad years,
O'er sages, saints and seers,
Over bloodshed, gloom and tears
Waved that Green Old Flag.

O'er warriors true and brave
Waved that Green Old Flag—
Over many a gory grave
Waved that Green Old Flag—
O'er Clontarf's tide in joy—
O'er Benburb and Dunboy—
On the fields of Fontenoy
Waved that Green Old Flag!

In climes beyond the sea
Waved that Green Old Flag—
With France's *fleur-de-lis*
Waved that Green Old Flag—
With Columbia's Stripes and Stars,
In Freedom's righteous wars,
O'er that bold Brigade of Meagher's
Waves that Green Old Flag.

Without stain on glittering fold
 Waves that Green Old Flag;
 With its harp of burnished gold
 Waves that Green Old Flag—
 O'er a nation's proud array—
 O'er England's might at bay—
 O'er united hearts today
 Waves that Green Old Flag.

TO THE MEMORY OF P. W. NALLY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[Convicted by a carefully packed jury in the city of Cork, the spirited and popular P. W. Nally, of Balla, one of the leading Nationalists and most noted athletes in Ireland, was sent to prison on a trumped-up charge of treason felony in 1883, under a vindictive sentence, by the tools of a government anxious to be rid of his patriotic activities. In his prison cell he scornfully rejected overtures made him by government agents endeavoring to weave a net around Parnell. The brutal rigors of his jailers at length broke down his herculean frame, and he expired in prison, foully "done to death," September 30, 1904, on the eve of the date appointed for his release. His grave is in Glasnevin. A splendid Celtic cross to his memory stands in his native town.]

Hark! how the bells in muffled sadness toll—

Lo, here's another grave!—

Another name writ on the sacred scroll

Of Ireland's martyred brave!

Another soul that dared the despot's sway

Crushed by a despot's blow!—

Another heart, that panted for the fray,

By caitiff hands laid low!

Throughout the long and weary years he bore

With unrepining will

His jailers' chains—unscathed to the core,

Bold and undaunted still!

And though they gored his living frame to death—

Beyond their grim control

There shone within that God blessed precious faith

Which sanctified his soul!

Strong in the faith, their lashes had for him
 No craven's pangs or fears,
 No sighs or sobs to wake the dungeon dim,
 No flood of futile tears;
 But firm and true, he faced the irons there,
 By ruthless foes assailed,
 And like a lion battling in his lair
 His courage never quailed!

Oh! let the cry go forth o'er sea and shore
 Throughout the list'ning lands,
 And let it speak with flame-tongue evermore:—
 "His blood be on their hands!"
 The stars their very courses will have spent
 Ere Irishmen forget
 To right his wrong, trusting in their strength,
 Avenge his mem'ry yet!

THE HEROES OF CLOONE.

BY REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

Hurrah for the land where the Shamrock is green,
Hurrah for the land where fair maidens are seen,
The hills of Old Breffni fore'er may they be,
The nurse of the Fair and the home of the Free.

The Lords of Old Breffni were valiant and proud,
By dangers undaunted, by foemen uncowed,
Shall we, their descendants, surrender like slaves,
While landlords and peelers exult o'er their graves?

The chieftains of Breffni, right keen were their blades,
And bright were the plumes of their flashing cockades.
Thy cliffs, Slieve-an-Erin, have echoed their cheers,
While the blood of the Saxon was red on their spears.

Their swords hewed the mail of the Norman and Dane,
Their war-axes glistened where Bagnal was slain,
Some fought at Boyne Water, some sailed o'er the seas,
And France drank the blood of the Cloone rapparees.

Hurrah for those heroes long vanished and gone,
Hurrah, too, for these whom we yet call our own,
Let Erin rejoice, and her green banner wave,
- O'er Reynolds the fearless, and Gannon the brave,

Ah, these were the men when the danger was nigh,
 Stood fronting the foe, to defend or defy,
 But to-day for Old Erin they're wearing the chain,
 Though long in our hearts will their memory remain.

While the Shannon's bright waters shall mirror the moon,
 And true hearts are throbbing 'round time-honored Cloone,
 While green grows the grass o'er the patriot's grave,
 We'll honor bold Reynolds and Gannon the brave.*

*Reynolds and Gannon were Land Leaguers, who were imprisoned for their activity against "felonious landlordism." The poem was written while the author was an ecclesiastical student in St. Patrick's College, Carlow, 1881.

AN APPEAL TO THE MEN OF LEITRIM.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[Written during a time of coercion, famine and the Buckshot Crowbar Brigade, and dedicated to the patriotic sons of Leitrim, who made conditions unpleasant for land tyrants in Ireland.]

Men of Leitrim, are you dreaming? Hear you not the bugle's
call,

Through the mountains and the valleys from Cape Clear to
Donegal,

Calling on the Sons of Breffni, who were always staunch and
true,

To chase from dear old Ireland the plundering landlord crew?

See the homes that we were born in levelled by the cruel foe,

Arise ye with a vengeance and strike the final blow;

Let the music of your rifles ring out clear and fast and soon,

While we sing the song of freedom by the rising of the moon.

Oh, listen to the wailing of the orphan's pleading cry,

As their broken-hearted mothers see them pine away and die.

Hear you not the cry of martyrs from the scaffold and the tomb?

See you not our homesteads leveled and our land o'erspread with
gloom?

Do the sons of ancient Fenagh, Mohill, Cloone and Ballinamore,
Bawnboy and Carrigallen still bear love of Erin's shore?

In God's name, then, get ready, join Old Erin's Fenian band,

Hoist the flag and cross of Erin, chase the tyrants from our
land.

Think of gallant Joseph Brady standing on the gallows pines,
Daniel Curley and young Kelly, Barrett, Walsh and Francis
Hines,

Joseph Poole and brave O'Donnell, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien,
Crowley, Joyce and Denis Deasey—dead at freedom's holy shrine!

Oh, God bless the men of Leitrim, may their hearts be ever true,
Till they chase from bleeding motherland that plundering idle
crew;

May their wishes be accomplished, may their land arise from
gloom,

May the epitaph of freedom soon be writ on Emmet's tomb.

THE BRIDE.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

No summer day as she was fair ;
No sunshine brighter than her hair ;
No breeze was softer than her speech ;
No peer to her the pinkest peach.
No artist's soul was more refined ;
No infant e'er had purer mind ;
No sweeter notes came from a dove
Nor more of joy was known by love
Than on that day when by my side
She stood, my bride, my bride, my bride !

And fairer than the fairest June,
And milder than the autumn moon,
And softer than the zephyr's balm ;
And stiller than the tropic's calm ;
And more of music in her face,
And more celestial in her grace,
And more refined than e'er before,
And more to covet or adore
Was she when cold upon her bed
For she was dead, was dead, was dead !

Come coldest month of deepest snow ;
Come rains that bring no bending bow ;
Come storms of sleep by hail begun ;
Come raging winds and scorching sun ;
Come stern misfortune's deadly blow ;
Come vile deceit or fiercest foe ;
Come crime with shame upon its track ;
Come dark remorse or madness black,
For she, the goddess I adore,
Is mine no more, no more, no more !

"STAND ASIDE."

.. BY REV. MICHAEL SMYTH.

[The unfair and vicious system of jury packing practiced by British government satraps in Ireland, consisted in rigidly excluding Catholics and Nationalists from the jury box in attempts to obtain conviction in political and agrarian trials. It had for its chief exponents the notorious "Peter the Packer" O'Brien, made for his zeal Chief Justice of Ireland, and Malachy Kelly, Crown Solicitor for Mayo. Father Smyth, author of the poem, was parish priest of Moy gownagh, County Mayo, and probably the first priest in Ireland to induce his parishioners (under the Lansdowne Act) to become peasant proprietors. He died, greatly regretted, Sept. 30, 1904, at the age of forty-five.]

Hear the echo of that Right-destroying word—

"Stand aside!"

Hear and hearken to the *Insult* when you've heard

"Stand aside!"

To your stock and to your seed,

To your country, to your creed,

'Tis anathema!—that spirit slaying sword!—

"Stand aside!"

Hast thou ever dared to play an Irish part?

"Stand aside!"

Hast thou ever dared to show an Irish heart?

"Stand aside!"

Ere thy spirit fairly broke

'Neath the aliens' hateful yoke

Hast thou ever dared to struggle 'neath its smart?

"Stand aside!"

Have thine eyes to'ards Freedom ever dared to turn?
"Stand aside!"

Has thy heart for Freedom ever dared to burn?
"Stand aside!"

Hast thou ever dared to pray
For a brighter, better day,
When a liberated land might cease to mourn?
"Stand aside!"

Thou'rt allied with the assassin and the thief!
"Stand aside!"

Thou'rt of murderer's accomplices the chief!
"Stand aside!"

*Granted—Judge and Jury both
Credit Cain upon his oath,
Upon thine thou art unworthy of belief?*
"Stand aside!"

From the Courts and Council-chambers of the land,
"Stand aside!"

From all Government assemblies, small or grand.
"Stand aside!"

For, by every loyal soul
From the tropics to the pole
Thou art hated—thou art boycotted—thou'rt banned!
"Stand aside!"

Weak and weaker has the voice of Insult grown—
"Stand aside!"

'Tis of Bigotry and Hate the dying moan—
"Stand aside!"

Ay—the day comes on amain
When our Race shall ne'er again
From the management and conduct of their own,
“Stand aside!”

Let the Bigot, then, the Coward and the Fool,
“Stand aside!”

Let the ever-ready Sycophant and Tool
“Stand aside!”

Let the Thing whose will and bent
Was to be and be content
'Neath the Slavery of anti-Irish rule.
“Stand aside!”

Ballina, August 24th, 1883.



HON. JOHN F. FINERTY



P. SHELLY O'RYAN



FRANCIS E. WALSH



MO BHRON (MY SORROW).

BY MAUDE HEALY.

Oh, I have lost my love, my love,
 Oh, I have lost my love!
 There's tumult raging in my heart
 It shrieks the winds above.

The waves dash over Fastnet Rock
 Set in an angry sea,
 The winds howl out of a black sky,
 But what is't all to me?

My heart is wilder than the storm;
 The winds shriek out my pain,
 While lights grow dim on Fastnet Rock,
 And blur through driving rain.

The steamers pitch; the steamers toss,
 The fisher's bark goes down;
 The women in the cabin pray
 To God they may not drown.

No prayers say I, but walk the deck,
 And watch the lightning flash,
 Nor quiver at the blinding streak
 Nor quail at the loud crash.

The wind howls out of the black sky,
And out of a black sea,
There's tumult riding on the waves,
But what is't all to me?

The lights are dim on Fastnet Rock,
They blur through driving rain,
But O the blackness on my soul
And O my heart's black pain.

There's tumult raging in my heart,
It shrieks the winds above,
Oh, I have lost my love, my love,
Oh, I have lost my love!

MY STREAM.

BY REV. JAMES K. FIELDING.

[Of Corpus Christi parish, and President of the Irish Literary Society of Chicago. Native of Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland.]

I strayed by a streamlet that flows through
 A green valley, smiling and gay,
 Where oft in my boyhood I rambled,
 And loved in my childhood to play.

From its home on the Welsh mountains lonely,
 It wended its serpent-like way;
 On its waters the silver moon glittered,
 And the speckled trout there loved to play.

By ivy-clad ruins it rippled,
 Where Norman and Dane did oft tread;
 Through daisy-decked meadows it purled;
 And it passed by the home of the dead.

But it paused when it came to Portscully;
 It wept for its heroes; and sighed
 For the sons and fair daughters of Erin
 Who martyrs for Ireland had died.

Its bosom reflected the sunshine,
 It wandered by woodland and lea,
 But heedless of danger it rushed on,
 Till at length it was lost in the sea.

We, too, like that stream, are fast gliding
To eternity's ocean away;
The prince and the peasant are passing,
The last debt of nature to pay.

That streamlet has taught me a lesson;
My guiding star ever 'twill be—
"Take heed lest wiles of the world
Should wreck you on life's troubled sea."

HOME.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

"I will go," said a boy, "to a land far away
In which toil shall be pleasure and life shall be gay;
Not for fortune or fame will I seek as I roam,
But in that distant land I will make me a home."
So the river, the mountain, the desert were passed;
But the clouds of misfortune the sky overcast,
And the lightning flashed forth from the far-spreading dome
And in ashes and dust lay the walls of the home.

"I will build," said a man in the prime of his years,
"For my loved ones a shade and a refuge from tears;
Though it be by the ocean and sprinkled with foam,
At the end of the earth I will build me a home."
Fiercely beat the wild gale on his head and his breast
And the storm shrieked its wrath like a spirit unblest;
In the surf of the sea plied the mermaid her comb
And beneath the rude wave sank the roof of the home.

"I will seek," said a man who was haggard and grey,
"For a home of my own, whether coral or clay;
In eternity's waves, or the forests of time;
For though hope be a phantom despair is a crime.
'Twas the dream of my youth; 'twas my manhood's desire;
In the chill of old age 'tis the last spark of fire,
For the lost upon earth may be garnered above
And a home is communion with those that we love."

VALENTINE.

BY MRS. J. W. BURKE.

All the world is full of gladness
And my heart knows naught of sadness,
As I sit and slowly ponder
On thy coming feast, Evander.
Tales of love pass in review—
Tales of love so kind and true;
Once again I hear that whisper
Soft and sweet as chanting vespers,
As you held my hand in thine—
“Will you be my Valentine?”

And again as if made bolder,
By a love ne’er growing colder,
How you told in accents clear
Of a heart that was sincere.
And I listened, for I knew
That your love was staunch and true.
And my heart it did respond
When you said in accents fond,
“Let it be one sweet combine,
Friend and wife and Valentine.”

Tho' some years have passed away
 Since that bright and sunny day,
 When we vowed through life to go
 Hand in hand for weal or woe.
 Never has the path seemed weary,
 Nor the days been dark or dreary,
 For our life is full of love,
 Full of blessings from above.
 Reck we not the flight of time,
 I am still your Valentine.

OLD IRELAND.

BY THE REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

Thou art dear to me, my native land, dear ever shalt thou be,
My sweetest thoughts are of thy scenes, once joy of joys to me.
An old house 'neath an ancient hill, old friendly faces there,
In old times that old memories bring in intervals of care.

Ah, those were pleasant evenings then, when some old neighbors met,
Exchanging tales of olden times that haunt my memory yet.
The fairy freaks on Muin-an-ban, the dance up by the well,
The wedding and the christening feast, the hurlers' glad pell-mell.

I sometimes think I see you still and hear your laughter ring
Around that farmer's homely fire, whose look was like a King.
His was the laughing bright blue eye and grand old kingly face
And sweet tones like a bugle call that gladdened all the place.

Mo bhron! and all your tongues are mute and all your hearts
are still,
And what without you, now to me, the old house 'neath the hill.
I'd rather in a stranger land still break the Exile's bread
Than view the old home desolate when the old kind hearts are
dead.

April, 1885.

AN IRISH NIGHT IN CHICAGO.

BY PATRICK COUGHLAN.

[Vividly illustrative of the spirit animating the Irish element militant in America, particularly as represented by the Clan-na-Gael and Ancient Order of Hibernians. The author, a highly esteemed member of Division 5, A. O. H., is a native of Bandon, County Cork. By accident, he has been many years disabled, but his affliction is borne with noble fortitude.]

We tender kindly greeting to the boys and girls meeting,
 While the pleasant hours are fleeting at Apollo Hall tonight;
 And the memory we'll treasure of this night of joyous pleasure,
 As each couple treads the measure of the dance with keen
 delight.
 For what sight is more entrancing than an Irish girl dancing,
 With the love-light ever glancing from her bright and roguish
 eye,
 And her partner, bold and loving, through the figures proudly
 moving,
 As he catches looks approving from his comrades standing nigh.

Yes, a welcome we're extending, and every effort bending
 To make joy for those attending our festival and ball—
 The maidens true and tender, in all their lovely splendor,
 Sure our hearts make quick surrender to each charming beauty's
 thrall.

We welcome young or old men, the timid or the bold men,
 The fiery or the cold men; yes, men from any place;
 And we'll toast in brimming glasses those joyous lads and lasses,
 Who represent the masses of our gallant Irish race.

And our greeting won't be colder when welcoming the soldier,
Where could you find men bolder than the gallant Clan-na-Gael?

Those boys, so rough and ready, whose hearts are true and steady,
And to fight they're ever ready, for their native Innisfail.
They'll prove the good condition of their soldier erudition,
By a splendid exhibition of their military skill,
And they'll show how they're preparing for that day, when they'll
be steering
To their distant native Erin, her tyrant's blood to spill.

And, as with bumpers flowing, we indulge in speeches glowing,
Of the time when we'll be going to either victory or death;
We show, with much emotion, our hearts' and souls' devotion
To the land beyond the ocean, where we first drew living breath.
For the boys of this Division have come to the decision,
To make real that glorious vision, that grand entrancing sight,
When with rifles brightly gleaming and the green flag proudly
streaming,
For their native land redeeming the Clan-na-Gael will fight.

Now accept our invitation without any hesitation,
But fill out an application and to join our ranks contrive;
Sure long enough you've slumbered by disunion still encumbered,
So now come and be numbered in our grand "Division Five."
We preach fraternal feeling to our countrymen appealing,
While at altars lowly kneeling, to preserve St. Patrick's faith;
And recite the olden story of our saints and sages hoary,
And emulate their glory in our matchless A. O. H.

THE IRISH SERVANT GIRL—A TOAST.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

My genial host, I give a toast,
 A worthy toast indeed,
 For one so rare must surely share
 The poet's richest meed.
 No prince or dame of courtly fame,
 No sapphire she, or beryl;
 But diamond bright and pearly white,
 The Irish servant girl!

Her heart is light, her fame is white
 As Carntual's snows;
 She sings her glee and sweet is she
 As famed Killarney's rose.
 No need has she of ancestry
 For never knight or earl
 Knew maid so fine she could outshine
 An Irish servant girl.

Then take I pray this wine away
 And quickly to me bring
 To toast the lass a crystal glass
 Of water from the spring;
 For temples grand in many a land
 Were founded by our pearl,
 And proudly own their altar-stone—
 The Irish servant girl!

RETURNING TO ERIN.

BY JOE FOGARTY.

For a glimpse of Erin I had been longing,
For nine long years or a little more,
To the instinct pressing, at last I yielded,
And started back to my native shore.

To New York City, with bag and baggage,
On a speeding special I hurried so,
My heart enraptured, with joys abounding,
My spirits braced by emotion's glow.

For Queenstown then, on a fast Cunarder—
The Lusitania, the good boat's name—
I braved the dangers of storm and tempest
To see loved Erin but once again.

And when I saw her, my heart flowed over.
To me what joy after painful years!
I felt like one in a land enchanted,
In joy and sorrow, in smiles and tears.

From sweet emotion I soon recovered,
My eyes enjoying that prospect grand,
And I thanked the good Lord of all creation
That I stood once more on my native land.

Home of real heroes, to me so precious,
 I'll sing thy beauty whilst life remains,
 And with brain and hands I'll work unceasing
 To help to sever thy galling chains.

Oh, sons and daughters of our ruined nation,
 Orphaned so cruelly by the tyrant's greed,
 That dyed our land in the blood of heroes,
 Destroyed our churches and banned our creed,

Unite for sake of poor ravished Erin,
 Bind up her wounds and wipe off her tears,
 Dress her once more in her former splendour,
 Great, noble, glorious, without compeers!

Oh, bards, and sages, and noble heroes,
 Crush cruel tyrants, break galling chains,
 Raise the home rule banner and follow Redmond,
 And freedom win for your native plains.

Oh, land of beauty, virtue and honor,
 Your sons will free you full soon, I ween,
 Blest day of freedom, your dawn is nearing,
 When we'll float our banner o'er College Green.

FLITTING BACK.

BY PATRICK KANE.

Oh! my heart was rebelling
To leave the old dwelling,
With grief it was swelling
That bright, sunny day,
When beyond all revoking
The good-by was spoken;
My spirit was broken
When going away
From friends so endearing,
So tender and caring,
Their hearts all declaring
The sorrow they bore.
Oh! the love they were showing
When the train it was going,
Our tears were all flowing
In Ballinamore.

The song birds were singing,
The train bells were ringing,
And my poor heart was clinging
To the dear memories
That around me went flashing
As the train it went crashing
To the boat that went dashing
Far over the seas;

From the land of my sires,
 Where freedom's desires,
 Lit the glorious fires
 Of tyranny's doom;
 Where I gathered the flowers
 In childhood's sweet hours
 That adorn the bowers
 Of beautiful Cloone.

From the vales so enchanting
 And the music entrancing,
 The singing and dancing
 To banish all care,
 Where friends are a treasure,
 And rambling a pleasure,
 Oh! I never can measure
 The joy I had there.
 But God grant that together
 In clear, sunny weather
 In Old Erin's green heather
 I'll greet them once more.
 When foreign aggression
 And landlord oppression,
 With cruel coercion
 Forever is o'er.

So, with hope for tomorrow
 I banish my sorrow.
 Great joy I can borrow
 When I kneel down to pray
 To the Lord of creation
 For friend or relation

Who in that little nation
Sleep cold in the clay.
And for the sister and mother,
The father and brother,
And the people who gather
At each Irish home,
May their wrongs be all righted,
Their hearts be delighted,
By kind heaven united
Wherever they roam!

May 6th, 1910.

“LOVE’S MESSAGE.”

BY DR. JAMES A. PRINTY.

[Dr. Printy is well known in Irish Nationalist circles in Chicago. The following was written by him March 17, 1886, upon the receipt of a letter containing some shamrocks sent by his cousin, a young lady living in Castlebar, County Mayo, Ireland. The poem is supposed to have accompanied the “chosen leaf of bard and chief.”]

Accept, my dear cousin, this token I send you,
 This dear little shamrock so faithful and true.
 The heel of oppression has made it grow stronger—
 Aye! strong as the love that I feel now for you!

It grew on the hillside, where oft in the springtime
 On a bright sunny morning it sparkled with dew,
 Where your father and mother in youth loved to ramble,
 ’Twas there with fond love that I plucked it for you.

Oh, dear little shamrock, your country’s bright emblem,
 Go, hear my love’s message afar o’er the sea,
 To the land that extends us their pure wealth of freedom,
 Go, tell them that Erin is soon to be free.

Yes, Erin, my country, though long thou hast suffered,
 The hand of thy tyrants thou’lt soon cease to feel,
 And we’ll raise the pure granite o’er the grave of our Emmet
 And deck it with shamrock as around it we kneel.

This people that once boasted wealth, power and learning,
Dissension and treachery crushed in the dust,
Their wealth has been stolen, and learning denied them,
Their pride is still pure as the God whom they trust.

And soon, my dear cousin, if you will but listen,
Some calm summer evening alone by the sea,
Sweet soul-stirring strains from the harp of loved Erin
Shall bear these glad tidings, love's message, to thee.

4009 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

SAINT RITA'S ROSE.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

Gladsome spring through garden field and bower
 Laughs again in sportive mirth,
 Calling forth each perfume-breathing flower,
 Gayly waking drowsy earth.
 Glade and dell and mountain summit hoary,
 Beauties each its own disclose,
 Some in light or sweetness, some in glowing glory,
 Striving with Saint Rita's Rose,
 Soupert or Levavasseur
 Cannot be compared with her;
 All La France or Neyron shows
 Fades before Saint Rita's Rose.
 Jacqueminot is rich and rare;
 Marshal Neil its glories share;
 But the fields where Danube flows
 Never matched Saint Rita's Rose.

Springing from the turf of holy Ireland
 First was found that peerless bloom:
 Not a plant of peak or plain or mireland
 Brought such glory in her gloom.
 Blossoms rare have Mexico and Hondo,
 But the richest bud that knows
 Amazon or Ganges, Oregon or Congo
 Pales before Saint Rita's Rose.

Mignonette brings no content;
Edelweiss in shame is bent;
Not a hyacinth that grows
Rivals bright Saint Rita's Rose.
Stephanotis has no scent;
Lotus bloom is only lent;
All on earth cannot oppose
Beauties to Saint Rita's Rose.

Bright imagination's golden fancies
Regions blest have filled with bliss,
Carpeted with lilies, phlox or pansies,
Never knowing growl nor hiss:—
All that bloomed in Eden or Valhalla;
All that Jew or Norseman knows;
All that Gaelic dreamer fancied of Hy Brazil
Fail before Saint Rita's Rose.
Like the moon that reigns in light
O'er the stars through all the night
Peerless and serene she glows:—
Such is fair Saint Rita's Rose.
Visions of her splendor bright
Thrill the heart with pure delight;
All the rest that heaven bestows
Bows before Saint Rita's Rose.

A HUNTING SONG.

BY JAMES E. McDADE, Principal of the Fallon School, Chicago.

The blossom's on the heather,
 There's dew on waste and moor,
 There's rapture in the weather,
 The steeds are swift and sure.

The wild red deer is bounding
 As shrilling of the horn
 From grove and glen resounding
 Across the hills is borne.

The crimson east is gleaming
 On hill and flood and field;
 And who will stay for dreaming
 When huntsman's horn has pealed?

Let lord and lady follow
 The sweetly-shrilling horn,
 While many an answering hollo
 Across the hills is born.

HIS WORKS.

BY ANNA CECILIA DOYLE.

I love the rushing of the waters
Where the mighty torrents press,
Love the dainty breath of summer,
With its fragrant, soft caress,
Love the great things and the wondrous,
Love the smallest thing He made.

O, I love the roar of thunder,
And the lightning's flash and flare,
Love the rippling of a brooklet,
Flowing on without a care,
Love the marvels of His genius,
Love His hand work everywhere.

I love the wide, blue sky, all star-lit,
Love it when the sun flames bright,
Love the tempest and the torrent,
Love the shadows, love the light,
Love the world because He made it.
And from Him its beauties are.

SINN FEIN AMHAIN.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

[NOTE—Sinn Fein Amhain is pronounced “shin fane a-wan,” and means “ourselves alone,” with more extreme emphasis than the English language permits of. It is the battle-cry of the Gaelic League, and implies that the highest development and only ultimate hope of the Irish race is in thorough and persistent self-cultivation. The Gaelic League and this, its war-cry, have completely changed the spirit of the Irish race—and for the better, within fifteen years.—Joe Mulhearn.]

Ta taidhbhse mor ag eirghe dubh
 O'n roilig ud, os cionn an sluagh
 Den' naomh a's laochraidhe in a luighe:
 Ta si ag glaoidh, le neart a chroidhe,
 Faoi grian geal ag eirghe glan,
 Sinn Fein, a fhir, sinn fein amhain!
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fei amhain!
 Ta grian geal ag eirghe glan,
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!”

Ta si ag glaoidh o'n roilig fuar;
 Ta freagra o na daoine dur;—
 Mar gheal is gradhna, dubh an scail
 Ameasg na fir in Inis Fail:—
 Acht ta an grian ag eirghe glan
 A's cogar siad “Sinn Fein? Amhain?
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fei amhain!
 Cidhmuid an grian ag eirghe glan,
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!”

Anois ta saoirséact leis an tir :
 Is mor le clu a dlighthibh fíor,
 A naoimh, a saoi, a laoichraidhe mor
 A beusa breagh, a daoine coir :
 A's faoi an grian, geal a's glan
 Is amhrain ard "Sinn Fein Amhain!
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fei amhain!
 Is geal an grian, a's te, a's glan:
 Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!"

It was necessary to have a rhymed translation of "Sinn Fein Amhain" because it is a song; but below is a prose translation giving the strict *sense* of the original Irish:

From yonder graveyard, above the bands of prostrate saints and heroes, a gigantic spirit rises darkly against the cloudless brilliancy of the sunrise. Rising, she calls with all the strength of her heart, "Ourselves, ye men, ourselves alone! Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone! The sun is rising in cloudless brilliancy! Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone!"

From the cold graves she calls; an answer comes from sullen people; for black, indeed, and horrible is the shadow among the men in the Isle of Destiny. But the sun is rising cloudlessly, and they mutter, "Ourselves? Alone? Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone! We behold the cloudless sun arising. Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone!"

And now liberty is a possession of that land; and wide is the repute of her just laws, her saints and sages, her grand heroes, her splendid laws and her pure people; and under her cloudlessly brilliant sun is loudly sung "Ourselves alone! Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone! Brilliant is the sun, and hot, and cloudless! Ourselves, ourselves; ourselves alone!"

SINN FEIN AMHAIN (ENGLISH VERSION).

From graves where sleep Hibernia's dead
A mighty spirit lifts her head;
Where saints and heroes prostrate lie
She rises with a ringing cry,
And at the breaking of the dawn
In thunder calls 'Sinn Fein Amhain!

Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!
The night is past; behold the dawn!
Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!"

That call is echoed from the graves
And greets the ears of fettered slaves;
Their brows grow dark and keen their gaze:
With trembling hands and eyes ablaze
They watch the coming of the dawn
And mutter low "Sinn Fein? Amhain?

Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!
The night is dark, we greet the dawn,
Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!"

Those slaves have burst their galling chains;
A mighty race of freemen reigns;
A race of saints that land has blest;
In peace its gentle martyrs rest;
And in the glory of the dawn
A nation sings "Sinn Fein Amhain!

Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!
The night was wild, but fair the dawn.
Sinn fein, sinn fein; sinn fein amhain!"

AT MONTEREY (CAL.).

BY MATTHEW P. BRADY.

[A member of the Breffnian Clan MacBrady, the writer has been long known in Chicago as a leading lawyer and brilliant orator.]

On a green slope of the foothills where rose and lily grow,
And ever o'er the dreamy land scent-laden zephyrs blow,
Like a white-robed maid reclining beside the tranquil bay,
Lulled by its slumbrous monotone, reposes Monterey.

And just beyond a graveyard lies wherein (the head-stones show)
Inurned are hearts that throbbed with zeal for God here long ago;
Close stands the crumbling Mission church where they were
wont to pray,
Attesting still the faith they held who founded Monterey.

'Mid tangled vines and poppies wild, the cross above the door,
The church the Mission Fathers built is standing lone and hoar
Between the graveyard and the town, from each an easy tread,
As 'twere to show that faith unites the living with the dead.

How oft within those walls of clay the chant of praise was sung,
In the rich sonorous Latin or dulcet Spanish tongue,
For the blessings of the herbage and bloom-begetting rain;
For health and peace and happiness by pious sons of Spain!

The altar raised by loving hands still stands as when of yore
The Friars of Saint Francis there did Christ's sweet grace im-
plore;

There still is seen the crucifix, dear symbol of His love,
That saintly Father Serra placed the sanctu'ry above.

Before that ancient shrine have knelt, in common faith sincere,
The regenerated Indian and Spanish cavalier;
And thence, as brightness from the sun, hath beamed the living ray
Of the holy faith of Christians in olden Monterey.

The church remains, but gone are they who loved its sacred shrine,
The graveyard yonder holds their dust beneath the flow'ring vine;
A stranger race of alien faith the hills hold as their own,
Nor love the church the Fathers built—and it stands hoar and alone.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY PATRICK KANE.

My thoughts have flown
To friends alone
I'm longing now to see;
To the dear old home
Where I did roam
In childhood's pleasant glee;
To the shady nooks
And silvery brooks
That ramble round so free;
To the God above,
Pure Irish love
And human liberty.

To old Drumsna
And dear Tooma
The cradle of my dreams;
To the holy wells
And the fairy dells
And the wild romantic streams;
Where first among
The glens I sung
My childish lullaby;
To the ancient strains
That still remain
In Erin o'er the sea.

To Gubnasthacawn
 Cankeel and Crawn
 And Uncle Keegan's wood,
 Drumshambo hill
 And Murphy's mill
 And Cannon's fording flood,
 Old Ballinamore
 And Newtowngore
 Sunnaghmore and Aughavass,
 Today with joy
 To every boy
 I drain a flowing glass.

To Cloonesarn school
 And the golden rule
 Taught by dear Master Lyons,
 To Miss Cassidy
 Who sung to me
 Some sweet poetic rhymes,
 To old Mohill Town
 Of great renown
 Pat Keegan and Drumbore,
 Those memories bright
 Cheer me tonight
 God bless that Irish shore.

To Glencorick's halls
 And Fenagh's walls
 Oh, brightly may they shine,
 To the Irish race
 Who proudly trace
 The glories of their line,

To the magic beams
And the rebel dreams
Of childhood's happy day
That round my soul
For freedom's goal
Forever fondly play.

To the bogs and lakes
And the corn crakes
That sing so sweet at dawn,
To the wise cuckoo
And the curlew
And the cunning Leprehawn
That roam around
That holy ground
From Cloone to Killafee,
Where Kilkenny's clan
Stand to a man
For Irish liberty.

Dear friends, so true,
A fond adieu,
We may never meet again,
But I'll pray for those
Who hate the foes
And those who cross the main,
And for those who sleep
Where the shamrocks creep
Amid the graves of Cloone,
May the flowers bloom
And the silvery moon
Smile o'er each honored tomb.

In unison then
 With Irish men
 From the rebel thirty-two
 I'll drain a bowl
 To every soul,
 May their hearts be ever true
 To the Irish cause
 Till tyrant laws
 Forever pass away,
 May the God above
 With freedom's love
 Bless them this Christmas Day.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25th, 1910.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

BY MISS A. L. HILDEBRAND.

[Author of "Western Lyrics" and "Lays From the Land of the Gael"; native of Turlough, County Mayo.]

Shame on the lips that utter it, shame on the hands that write,
Shame on the page that publisheth such slander to the light;
I feel the blood with lightning speed, thro' all my veins fast fly,
At the old taunt, for ever new—no Irish need apply.

Are not our hands as stout and strong, our hearts as warm and
true,

As theirs, who fling this mock at us, to cheat us of our due?
While 'neath our feet God's earth stands firm, and o'er us hangs

His sky,

Where there is honor to be won—the Irish need apply.

Oh, have not glorious things been done by Irish hearts and hands;
Is not our fame emblazoned far, o'er many seas and lands?

There may be tears on Ireland's cheek, but still her heart beats
high,

And where there's valor to be shown—the Irish need apply.

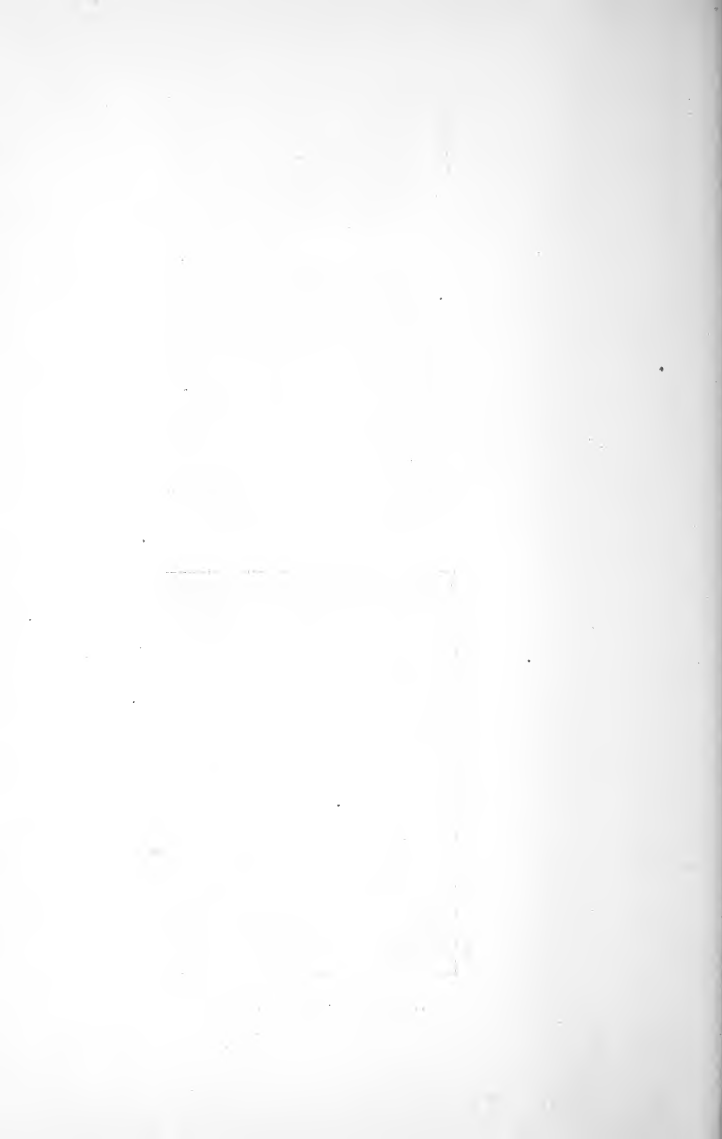
Wherever noble thoughts are nurst, and noble words are said—
Wherever patient love endures, when hope itself seems dead—
Wherever honest industry, to win its goal will try—
Wherever manly toil prevails—the Irish need apply.



REV. JAMES K. FIELDING



REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD



If there is aught of tenderness—if there is aught of worth—
 If there's a trace of Heaven left, upon our sin-stained earth—
 If there are noble, steadfast hearts, that uncomplaining die,
 To tread like them, life's thorny road—the Irish will apply.

Wherever woman's love is pure, as is unsullied snow—
 Wherever woman's cheek at tales of injury will glow—
 Wherever pitying tears are shed, and breathed is feeling sigh—
 Wherever kindness is sought—the Irish need apply.

Till on Killarney's waters blue, the soft stars cease to shine—
 Till round the parent oak no more, the ivy loves to twine—
 Till Nephin topples from his place, and Shannon's stream runs
 dry,
 For all that's great and good and pure—the Irish will apply.

LOVE'S FIRST NEST.

BY MICHAEL CORBETT.

[A Son of Erin's account of an incident mentioned in Genesis and afterward told in verse by John Milton.]

In the great primeval morning
Adam sate,
In his garden, sullen, scorning
His lone fate,
Dolefully he scanned the bourne,
But of human kind 'twas shorn—
Not a soul to him, forlorn,
For a mate.

"There's a thought my bosom churning,"
Murmur'd he,
"Like the billows, tossing, turning
On the sea;
Whence it came is most surprising,
I can't quell the strange uprising—
On it rolls, and keeps capsizing—
Troubling me."

"Ah! just now do I remember
At the dole,
How an angel placed an ember
In my soul."

And he said 'The spark will lighten;
As the years pass on 'twill brighten—
'Twill enthuse, exalt, and heighten
Ev'ry role."

"God has made this garden charming—
Passing sweet;
But a man soon tires of farming
In retreat;
When with toil he's tired and weary,
And he seeks his cabin dreary
And there's none to greet all cheery,
'Tis not meet."

So he prayed and sang an anthem,
For release,
And he asked the Lord to grant him
Some surcease—
From a life he could not borrow,
Neither hope nor joy, but sorrow—
One long waste without a morrow,
In its lease.

Thus the years passed over Adam,
Dull and drear,
For a house without its Madam,
Has poor cheer.
'Till one morn, as Sol was stealing
Thro' the lattice of his shieling,
A silvery voice came pealing,
To his ear.

Through the woodbine curtain shady
He did peer
On the whole bright world's "first lady,"
Who drew near,
Love's first words were heard that morning
(Vain the hateful serpent's scorning),
Eden's Gaelic tongue adorning,
Sweet and dear.

"Blest, divine arch-inspiration!
Woman fair!
 To thee naught in God's creation
Can compare,
 Adam hails thee with emotion,
 Offers thee his soul's devotion,
 Spare him disappointment's potion,
Fair one, spare!"

Eve, unskilled in simulation,
 Acquiesced
What she thought of Ad's oration
 Must be guessed,
For they forthwith went together,
Gath'ring boughs and flow'rs and heather,
Their primeval home to feather—
 Love's first nest.

4228 Adams Street, Chicago.

MARY HOYNE.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

Though verdant fields in Ireland
 Have many flowers fair,—
 Sweet blossoms lending perfume to
 That land of beauty rare,—
 The sweetest blossom blooming by
 The Shannon, Lee or Boyne
 Were dull and foul and withered if
 Compared with Mary Hoyne;
 For never did a blossom blow
 Near Barrow, Bann or Boyne
 That could compare in loveliness
 With dainty Mary Hoyne.

Fair queens and fabled goddesses
 Have set their lands awirl,
 But each might find a rival in
 An Irish servant girl:
 For none was ever queenlier,
 And none more near Divine
 Nor yet more worthy of renown
 Than modest Mary Hoyne.
 The noblest and the mightiest
 Was never more Divine
 Nor governed hearts with milder sway
 Than gentle Mary Hoyne.

In ancient lore of Ireland
Are many stories told
Of saints whose lives were never marred
By greed of fame or gold;
But not a saint that ever dwelt
At Clon-mac-Noise or Cloyne
Would shine in life with purer ray
Than patient Mary Hoyne.
The holiest saint that ever knew
Armagh, Kildare or Cloyne
Might well desire the company
Of faithful Mary Hoyne.

THE IRISH BROGUE.

BY P. J. DILLON.

[Of Brisbane, Australia. The poem appeared originally in The Sydney Freeman's Journal.]

You may talk as you like of the tongue of Spain,
 And the beauties of Latin and Greek explain;
 But riddle me this! Is there one of them all,
 Whose silvery notes of love can fall
 From the ear to the heart of a maiden fair,
 And create such terrible havoc there,
 As the soothing tale of an Irish rogue
 When told with a "taste" of the Irish brogue?
 By the powers above!
 Sure the god of Love
 Learned his trade with an Irish brogue.

But of all the horrible sounds that Fate
 Can send on an Irish ear to grate,
 An Irish brogue with an English twang
 Out-Herods the worst of the whole "jing-bang."
 'Tis the hybrid voice of a hybrid mind,
 And—whatever his station—a slavish kind,
 But for him don't bother! the course of Kishogue
 Attends this same English-*cum*-Irish brogue.
 (And he'll want to be nursed
 When he's properly cursed
 With the terrible ban of Kishogue.)

So, whether the blood in your Irish veins
Ran its infant course by Leinster's plains
Or whether the air of Ulster hill
Has nurtured your sturdy Northern will;
Whether or not you're a Munster boy,
Or a Connaught girl from the banks of the Moy,
Whenever your tongue feels inclined to collogue,
Let it keep a firm grip of its own sweet brogue;
 With its hearty ring,
 And its genial swing;
Hurrah! for the Irish brogue.

IRELAND'S ANSWER TO COERCION.

BY PATRICK KANE.

O, dear Ireland, grand old Ireland, thro' centuries of woe
 You've bravely battled with the foe, and given blow for blow;
 And now, although the tyrant smites with all his might and zeal,
 He will find true hearts are stronger far than all your glitter-
 ing steel.

But see, the rope is dangling from the scaffold, drear and dim,
 And the hangman waits his victims with a ghastly face and grin;
 And behind him see the pirate, lurking slyly for his prey,
 Awaiting British bloodhounds the brave Irish to betray.

The callous-hearted ruffians, their hands in blood imbrue;
 Nor care they if the innocent fall by their hellish crew.
 They go forth to burn and plunder, like their fathers years ago;
 And where'er they go their pathway tells of ruin, sin and woe.

See the poor and helpless widow dragged by bailiffs from her
 door,
 And the hungry, weeping children from their father's home-
 stead tore,
 While the harsh and cruel tyrant looks on with smiling eye;
 But, by the Lord, we'll show him yet the way to do or die.

Then let us meet tonight, and make one solemn, fervent vow,
That never to the Saxon rule the Irish neck shall bow ;
That while we live our aim shall be to strike the tyrant down,
To harass him, to slay him, too, and crush his tottering crown.

Arise, brave men of Ireland ; strike for your martyr'd dead ;
For home and faith and country, tear down the foreign red ;
And if you fail remember this : that when you're dead and gone
The fight you fought your children will bravely still fight on.

Let the chains of vile coercion never drive us to despair,
There is still a bright star gleaming o'er our little land so fair ;
There are brave men ready, willing to defend the dear old sod,
Who would freely offer up their lives for country and for God.

Oh, may God's fiery vengeance upon the Saxon fall,
May it burn up his cities and fire each festive hall ;
God grant it may destroy him, may we live to see the day,
When the last cursed foe of Erin will be moldering in the clay.

Dec. 24th, 1887.

THE MAY FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

BY MRS. J. W. BURKE.

Oh, sweet May flowers of incense breathing,
 You wake sweet memories lulled to rest
 Of olden times, when life's young morning
 Was like your blooms in brightness dress'd,
 Your fragrance breathes of times and places
 Like happy dreams you do entwine,
 The past and present, for absent faces
 Come hovering back and gaze on mine.

As if they'd say, "Forget we'll never
 Those joyous hours we passed away
 Ere yet we knew best friends must sever
 Or found that life's not always May."
 But tho' we've since lived through December
 Have had our griefs and worldly care,
 Those happy hours we still remember
 Like withered flowers—the perfume's there.

Oh, sweet May flowers, we wish to thank you,
 For messages so bright you bring;
 You say the winter is passed and over,
 And sunny spring has been ushered in.
 You bring us word of fruit and flowers,
 You tell of budding leaves, flowers and trees,
 You speak of velvet lawns where bowers
 With cushioned seats invite to ease.

But sweet May flowers, there's still another,
A message sweeter, you gladly bring;
You tell of green fields, of moss and heather,
Where in your midst the children sing
With happy voices as they gather,
With loving hands your treasured stem,
You bring back visions sweet of childhood,
You say, 'You once were one of them.'
94 Clifton Avenue, Chicago.

AN APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

[Written during the Boer war.]

BY PATRICK KANE.

Oh, rally from the city, the mountain and the glen,
 Shouting the battle cry of Ireland.
 Like a mighty hurricane we will make the welkin ring,
 Shouting the battle cry of Ireland.

The United League for ever to down the landlord crew,
 Enroll beneath its banner you patriots brave and true,
 From the verdant vales of motherland the Sassenach pursue,
 Shouting the battle cry of Ireland.

Hear you not from o'er the foam from our own dear native home,
 The appeals of the weak and the feeble,
 Calling all her children o'er who still love their native shore,
 To strike for the rights of her people.

Then hurrah for dear Erin and the United Irish League,
 Down with the British hypocrisy and greed,
 We will sweep from bleeding motherland the plundering landlord
 breed,
 Or die on the battle fields of Erin.

Erin's call from o'er the sea rings like thunder on the breeze,
 Demanding the right of her nation,
 And will we stand idly by while her homes in ruins lie,
 Destroyed by the tyrant's profanation.

No! We shall never, the cause is most divine,
Down with the robbers—march into line!
By the memory of our martyrs whose spirits on us shine,
We will strike for Liberty of Ireland.

So you rugged sons of toil, who love poor Erin's Isle,
Join in the battle of our sireland,
Until every Irish foe in the grave is sleeping low,
Or banished from the green vales of Ireland.

“DOOLEY’S” LAMENTATION.

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

[When manager of The Chicago Journal, the humorist, Peter Finley Dunne, creator of “Dooley,” facetiously wrote: “It is generally understood that the ancestors of John F. Finerty were born in Ireland.” To which retorted, under the pen name “Jonathan Indigo,” the editor of The Citizen:]

Air—“Patrick Sheehan.”

My name is Pether Dooley,
 My age is thirty-two
 I’m a native of sweet Archey Road,
 Not far from Healy’s Slough!
 My parents were thrue Irish,
 Though “Scotch” is now in vogue,
 And they blarneyed all creation
 With their “pure Roscommon brogue!”

Whin first I met McGarry,
 In the year of ’92,
 He filled me with philosophy
 On the banks of Healy’s Slough!
 But soon he grew unruly—
 I made of him some fun—
 So I changed his name to Dooley
 An’ mine to Finley Dunne!

How many an hour I rambled
 ’Mid hills of sand and junk!
 How many a time I gamboled
 ’Mid fields of cabbage-skunk,

'Twas sweet to watch the sunset,
And hear the bull-frogs mew,
In those days of happy innocence
On the banks of Healy's Slough!

Bad luck to you, McGarry,
An' your pure Roscommon brogue!
You led me into throuble
You blarneying owld rogue!
Your tongue ran on so clever,
Your words seemed ever new,
An' you soaked me with philosophy
On the banks of Healy's Slough!

But now I have grown famous—
My works are much in vogue—
An' the English rave in chorus
Of my "pure Roscommon brogue!"
They've "pirated" my labors—
The ruthless Saxon crew—
I'll abuse them to my neighbors
On the banks of Healy's Slough!

Then fare you well, McGary!
An' farewell Pether Dunne!
I'm swallowed up in "Dooley"
An' vanished is my fun!
Oh for the owld time evenings
When I heard the bull-frogs mew,
And watched the purple sunset
On the banks of Healy's Slough!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY THOMAS BAIRD.

[Native of County Derry, Ireland, now engaged on the Chicago daily press.]

St. Patrick, whose work as a wonder
Is the theme of oration and song,
Was a diligent, true son of thunder
In an age of oppression and wrong,
While the doctrine of loving each other
Lay dormant and dead from its birth,
And no man called his fellow his brother
On the face of God's beautiful earth;

While envy and terror and battle
Drove men to the brink of despair,
Reduced them to dumb driven cattle
Or the plane of the beast in his lair,
This shepherd and son of the mountain,
In prayer, 'neath the sunset of even,
Slaked his thirst at Jehovah's own fountain,
Lit his lamp at the altar of heaven.

That bright little isle of the ocean,
Old Erin, the home of the brave,
Still remembers St. Patrick's devotion
And treasures the gift that he gave,
And her daughters whose constancy blesses
Our civilization and fame
Come forth on this day with their tresses
And weave a bright wreath for his name.

MY MOTHER'S WISH.

BY MISS JULIA A. SULLIVAN BRENNAN.

In my mother's heart, e'er she cradled me,
Was the wish her native land to see;
And as I slept beneath her heart,
The longing grew of my life a part.

And when I lay on my mother's breast,
With Irish song she lulled to rest
My infant cries, and my infant pain,
By the same sweet song was soothed again.

But God's dear Voice called her soon away,
To a far off land and Eternal Day,
And childhood morns and youthful fears
Gleamed through the mist of orphan tears.

Yet her spirit lived within my breast,
And the yearning grew and would not rest,
To cross the sea to that ancient place
Where sleep the dead of my mother's race.

I knelt at last 'neath an Irish sky
In a churchyard green as the wind swept by;
It whspered "Peace, they are all at rest,
They are all with God who loveth best."

My grief was hushed and the longing past,
I had gained my mother's wish at last,
O'er all my being peace was shed,
As I knelt and prayed before her dead.

CALL TO ARMS.

BY PATRICK KANE.

Oh, you rebel sons of Ireland, come hear your mother's call,
From Dublin down to Galway, from Cork to Donegal,
From each fairy glen and mountain, where the silvery waters fall,
Strike for the green fields of Ireland.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for rebels true and brave
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Erin o'er the wave;
We must free our bleeding motherland or win a soldier's grave,
Beneath the green shamrocks of Erin.

Too long we have been waiting and watching for a sign,
Till some great mighty nation with Ireland would combine;
The Boers have shown the British how the smoking rifles shine—
Now is the time, boys, for Ireland.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the battle has begun,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Attention! Get your gun.
With the United men of Ireland we'll make the tyrants run
Away from the green hills of Ireland.

We know through long dark centuries the treachery and woe
From the evil days of Strongbow to Ned's coronation show;
That prison, rope and famine left in graveyards sleeping low
Thousands of heroes in Ireland.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Erin's noble dead;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for dynamite or lead,
To drive the brutal robbers with their foreign flag of red,
Away from the green vales of Ireland.

Then, by the memory of the brave whose souls have passed away,
And by the name of all on earth we love in life today,
We swear to fight, until we sweep from every hill and brae
The foreign horde that preys on holy Ireland.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! come join the patriot band,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Erin motherland,
Moral force or physical, who take a sturdy stand
To drive the foreign foe from dear Ireland.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE.

BY JOSEPH Q. MURPHY.

[Mr. Murphy, who had a remarkable talent for rapid and brilliant writing, was a well-known young business man of St. Louis, agent for a Chicago men's furnishing firm. He died suddenly at his home, 4115 Finney avenue, St. Louis, some years after the following now celebrated poem was written.]

On the mountain's side the battle raged, there was no stop nor stay,
Mackin captured Private Burke and Ensign Michael Shea.

Fitzgerald took Fitzpatrick, Brannigan took O'Rourke;
Finnegan took a man named Fay—and a couple of lads from Cork.
Suddenly they heard McManus shout, "Hands up, or I'll run
you through;"

He thought he had a Yorkshire "Tyke"—'twas Corporal Don-
oghue.

McGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got McNamee,
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of
Dundee.

Then some one brought in Casey, O'Connor took O'Neil;
Riley captured Kavanagh, while trying to make a steal.
Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found McBride,
And Brennan made a handsome touch when Kelly tried to slide.
Dacey took a lad named Walsh; Dooley got McGurk;
Calligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his father he used to work.
They marched to fight the English—but Irish was all they could
see—

That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of
Dundee.

Spillane then took O'Madigan; Shannahan took Magee;
While chasing Jerry Donovan, Clancy got shot in the knee.
He cursed the Queen's whole army, he cursed the English race,
Then found the man who fired the shot, 'twas his cousin, Mar-
tin Grace.

Then McGinnis took an A. O. H., who came from Limerick town,
But Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in County
Down.

Hennessey took O'Hara, Hennegan took McFee—
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of
Dundee.

The sun was sinking slowly, the battle rolled along;
The man that Murphy "handed in" was a cousin of Maude Gonne.
Then Flannigan dropped his rifle, shook hands with Bill McGuire,
For both had carried a piece of turf to light the schoolroom fire.
Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell got Major McCue;
O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a Belfast lad or two.
Some swore that "Old Man Kruger" had come down to see
the fun;

But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul" was a Galway man
named Dunne.

Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas a frightful sight to see
The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of Dundee.

Just when the sound of firing in the distance fainter grew,
Ryan caught McCloskey, and Orderly Donegan, too.
O'Toole he found McCarthy; O'Mahony got Malone;
Duffy got a pair of lads from Connaught, near Athlone.
Then Dineen took O'Hagan; Phelan got Kehoe;
Dooney captured Callahan, but Gallagher let him go.

You'd have thought the "Belfast Chicken" had tackled the "Dublin Flea,"

The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of Dundee.

The Powers began to intervene—the Waterford Powers, I mean—
And took a lad named Keenan, and a Captain named Mulqueen;
Then Brady captured Noonan; Maher got McAdoo;
McGovern got O'Hanlon, and Colonel McLaughlin, too.
'Twas now the hour of sunset, the battle was nearly o'er,
When McCormick came in with Hoolihan and Lieutenant Roger
Moore.

But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you can easily see;
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the battle of
Dundee.

They marched them all to Kruger's town, for supper and a bed;
O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way McNulty led;
When they got them to the race course the Boers were full of
glee,

While Kruger ne'er expected "so many English to see."
They told him they were Irish; it puzzled the old man's head,
For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while these were
togged in red.

But 'tis a passing story; on history's page you'll see
That "'twas the English fought the Dutch" at the battle of
Dundee.

CHRISTMAS AT PRETORIA TRACK.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

[Written for The Chicago Chronicle, Christmas Eve, 1899, at a time when the race track pen at Pretoria was daily receiving large consignments of British troops captured by the Boers.]

Yes, it's quite a bloomin' outrage and it's quite a blawsted shame,
And I pity Mr. Kipling, and I weep for England's fame.
But soldiers must be soldiers and just bear it all the same,
Though we've got to spend our Christmas at Pretoria.

Who'd think it, oh, who'd think it, that this vulgar farmer race,
With hayseed on their collars and with whiskers on their face,
Would have the gall to round us up and run us in this place—
Victoria's royal soldiers at Pretoria.

A mazed and motley muster of assorted sons of Mars,
Artillery and infantry, with lancers and hussars,
Corralled like blooded horses behind blooming' race course bars,
'Neath the rifles of the guard at Pretoria.

Yet safer for a Briton is this jolly old grand stand
Than the kopjes and the nullahs of this awful Transvaal land,
Where his precious life he carries in a most uncertain hand—
'Tis better to spend Christmas at Pretoria.

About the grounds we're swarming all as merrily as ants ;
We have highlanders from Galway and Northumberland from
Hants ;
We have warriors in petticoats and warriors in pants,
Combining to keep Christmas at Pretoria.

Each day a new consignment comes a-troopin' in the door,
And we sing to raise their spirits, for they're feelin' mighty sore :
"Oh, dear Uncle Paul, we're comin', a few hundred duffers more,
To spend Christmas with you in Pretoria."

'Twould be a shame and pity, but I fear the boys would grin,
If General Methuen should himself come droppin' in,
His ludship would feel leary, for when startin' out to win,
He had his luggage labeled "for Pretoria."

No kissin' 'neath the mistletoe, no holly on the wall,
And not a blessed Santa Claus save bloomin' old Oom Paul,
With his title of ancient vintage and his whiskers Donegal,
As he pays his daily visits at Pretoria.

He treats us well, old jiblets, but we can't help feelin' grief
At thinkin' on old England, the plum pudding and roast beef,
And Bass' ale and porter—oh, make haste to our relief,
Is our prayer this Christmas evening from Pretoria.

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS NAUGHTON.

[Born in Adare, County Limerick, Ireland, 1873. Died while fighting for Boer independence in South Africa, June, 1901.]

BY PATRICK COUGHLAN.

As I sit sad and lonely, when night shades are falling,
 And darkness is spreading its shadows o'er me;
 My heart is made light by fond memories recalling
 The comrades and friends whom I'll never more see.
 And thus Thomas Naughton, I picture you often,
 A splendid young type of the true and the brave,
 So gentle and kind, oh, what eye would not soften,
 To think of you lying in that lone foreign grave.

How happy and bright were the days of your childhood,
 When you knew naught of trouble, of sorrow or care—
 When you played in the meadows, or rambled the wildwood—
 The hills and the vales round your native Adare.
 Oh! 'twas there you first heard of your country's proud story,
 Ere the Sassanach robbers had crossed o'er the sea,
 And you swore in the future you'd strike for her glory,
 And fight to the death so your land should be free.

From the home of your fathers you crossed the wide ocean,
 And made your abode in this land of the West,
 But your heart ever yearned with fondest devotion,
 For the home of your boyhood, the scenes you loved best;

Where you sported and played by the Maigue's rippling waters,
And joined in the manly old sports of the Gael—
The hurling and football, as played by our fathers,
Ere the rule of the Saxon had cursed Innisfail.

Of the wrongs of old Erin sure none spoke out bolder—
You were always prepared for that long wished for day,
When, returning to Ireland, a trained and tried soldier,
Her people you'd rally and lead in the fray.
But fruitless and vain were your hopes—your ambition,
Though in freedom's grand cause against England you bled;
Like Sarsfield, your hopes ne'er attained their fruition—
You wished for dear Erin your blood had been shed.

The friends of your exile by Michigan's water;
Though sad was your fate still we're fond of your fame—
We're proud of your deeds in the cause that you fought for—
The halo of glory shall shine round your name
In the old place at home your requiem is chanted—
The banshee is wailing round sainted Adare—
The Abbey's gray walls—by ghosts ever-haunted—
Re-echoed that cry in the still midnight air.
Chicago, May 3rd, 1902.

YOU'RE WELCOME, MICK McQUAID.

BY REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

[Mick McQuaid, the hero of Col. William Lyman's series of stories of that name, in which he is variously and amusingly depicted as evangelizer, land agent, lawyer, doctor, member of parliament, etc., is a well-known mountebankish character of Irish fiction. The Irish priest and patriot, Rev. James Keegan, came to America in 1883 and was for some time parish priest of St. Malachy's, St. Louis, Mo. He was a native of Cloone, Leitrim County, Ireland. He died Jan. 5, 1894, at the age of thirty-five, while on a visit to his parents in his native place.]

You're welcome, Mick McQuaid, agrah,
 You droll old funny dear,
 With your dudheen and your caubeen
 And your ways so quaint and queer,
 Cead mille failthe Mick, avick,
 From Connaught's kindly shore;
 'Tis you will make the jokes and fun
 Through Ireland's Isle once more.

Oh, Mick, you are the darling boy
 The colleens all admire,
 Your cracks still make the saddest laugh,
 Your stories never tire.
 Was e'er so droll a rogue as you?
 Was e'er so brisk a blade?
 Cead mille failthe three times three,
 You're welcome, Mick McQuaid.

They tell us since the times have changed
That Irish fun has fled,
That Paddy's humor's gone for good
And Biddy's mirth is dead,
That dance and pattern are no more,
No pipers now to play,
And not one jovial priest or squire
From Howth to Galway Bay.

They say we'll soon unlearn to laugh ,
Nor know old potheen's taste,
That Irish wit, like Irish land,
Is mostly gone to watse.
But I'll make bold to call them liars,
And say: "Be not afraid,
The sun of Irish wit shines clear
While we have Mick McQuaid."

I'd rather hear you, Mick, avick,
In sunshine or in shower,
Than sweetest strains of melody
In Beauty's love-lit bower.
To you must Corporal Trim give way
And warriors old and young;
Who fears not your good blackthorn
Must yield before your tongue.

You're welcome, Mick, to many a hearth
Within our own Green Isle,
Where a kindly heart doth beat
Or kindly face doth smile,

You're more than music to the young,
 To old, their pipe or tea,
 You make the very cripples jump,
 The babies dance for glee.

You're dearer to us than our friends,
 You and your jovial squad,
 With tipplin' Joe and Thady bluff
 And Terry lank and sad.
 Your tramp I'd sooner than a peer,
 Your widow than a maid;
 Cead mille failthe, knave of hearts,
 You're welcome, Mick McQuaid.

You're welcome, Mick, to foreign lands,
 Where'er the Celt may roam,
 Your caubeen, pipe and blackthorn
 Shall find a cozy home.
 We hear the dear familiar brogue
 Oft heard in days of yore,
 Till memories of the dear old land
 Rise 'round our hearts once more.

We list the shrewd philosophy
 E'en Horace's self might own,
 And think of maxims taught our youth
 In fond parental home.
 You give us pleasure, wisdom, mirth,
 Boons for which saints have prayed;
 Then come again and long remain,
 You're welcome, Mick McQuaid.

YOU'LL YET BE FREE, DEAR MOTHERLAND.

BY PATRICK KANE.

Ah! fairest land of mother earth,
You'll yet emerge from Saxon gloom,
And in the day of freedom's birth
You'll send oppression to its doom;
You'll burst the yoke, the jail and rope,
That British hounds have used for years,
For by the Heavens we pray and hope
To free you from your galling tears.

What though the gold of bribers false,
Are used by treachery to slay,
Or send your sons to bloody vaults,
Their lives in pain to ebb away?
Such threats no terror have for those
Who love to strike a blow for you:
They nerve us on to meet your foes,
For vengeance, vengeance, long is due.

Think not, fair land, we have forgot
The wrongs you bore from Britain's Queen,
The burning of the peasants' cot
Forgotten by us ne'er has been.
No, no, for vengeance now we cry,
Who'll lead us on to victory?
With swords, upon the field we'll die,
Or free your hills from sea to sea.

Your martyred spirits from the graves,
 Will guide us on the battle field,
 And o'er the dust of foes and slaves
 We'll hoist your banner, ne'er to yield;
 No quarter then to foreign foe,
 No mercy on the viper vile,
 Till every foe is buried low
 Within your sweet and holy Isle.

'Tis then with joy you will proclaim
 To every nation o'er the earth,
 That British rogues no more can claim
 The land that gave your children birth,
 That you are free, dear mother land,
 That British landlord rule is o'er,
 That with the nations free and grand,
 You take your place forever more.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

BY REV. J. K. FIELDING.

Our cottage stood beside a hill
In a daisy-studded dell;
Around the glowing turf at night
The peasant tales did tell.

The roses red around it grew,
Woodbine its fragrance shed,
And daily to our cabin door
The blackbird came for bread.

On an old oak tree that screened that cot
From the sunshine and the rain,
At dawn of day, at dim twilight,
We heard his joyous strain.

Sweet bird, how happy we were then!
We knew no grief nor care.
Thrice welcome ever you had been
Our humble meal to share.

But lo! a change, the spoiler came;
Ah! sad our lot had been;
No flower there now, nor bird, nor tree—
The wild weeds mark the scene.

Shall I e'er forget that whitewashed cot?
 The gentle blackbird's lay?
 Ah, no, dear bird! not till I'm laid
 Deep in my cot of clay.

Then come and seek me 'neath a tree,
 Where the whooping owl is heard;
 And sing a dirge, my beautiful,
 My ever dear-loved bird.

IRISH NAMES.

BY JOHN LUDLOW.

[Originally published in The New York Tribune.]

Names wid the musical lilt of a troll to thim,
 Names wid a rollickin' swing an' a roll to thim,
 Names wid a body an' bones an' a soul to thim—

Shure, an' they're poethry, darlint asthore!
 Names wid the smell o' the praties an' wheat to thim,
 Names wid the odor o' dillisk an' peat to thim,
 Names wid a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—
 Where can yez bate thim, the whole world o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
 Duffy, McGuffy, Mullarky, Mahone,
 Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,
 Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone;
 Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,
 Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn,
 Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
 Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

Names wid a fine old Hibernian sheen to thim,
 Names wid the dewy shamrocks clingin' green to thim,
 Names wid a whiff o' the honest potheen to thim—

Shure, an' they're beautiful, darlint asthore!
 Names wid the taste o' the salt o' the earth to thim,
 Names wid the warmth o' the ancisthral hearth to thim,
 Names wid the blood o' the land o' their birth to thim—
 Where can yez bate thim, the whole wurruld o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
Duffy, McGuffy, Mullarky, Mahone,
Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone;
Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn,
Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES.★

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish glynns
Down among the wheat fields, up amid the whins,
The little white-walled villages crowding close together,
Clinging to the old sod in spite of wind and weather.

Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle,
Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,
Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cosy little villages that shelter from the mist,
Where the great West Walls by ocean spray are kissed;
The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun
When blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done.

Corrymeela, Croaghnaakeela, Clogher, Cahirciveen,
Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coosheen,
Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane,
Carrigaholt, Carrigaline, CloghJordan and Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fire at night,
Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts affright;
The crooning of the wind blast is the wailing banshee's cry,
And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies sigh.

Kilfenora, Kilfinane, Kinnity, Killylea,
Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kilrea,
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Kilogrlin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages over the black seas go,
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
Leave the little villages, but think not to forget
Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms yet.

Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,
Mullinahone, Mullinavate, Mullagh and Mooncoin,
Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and Slane,
Toberheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

On the Southern llanos—north where strange light gleams,
Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams;
Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and care),
“Lo! the little villages, God has heard our prayer.”

Lisdoonvarna, Lissadill, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,
Portglenone, Portarlinton, Portumna, Portmagee,
Clonegam and Clonegowan, Cloondara and Clonae,
God bless the little villages and guard them night and day!

*All the names are genuine.

McGINNIS THAT WAS.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

McGinnis is dead; but begorry,
He left a great record behind;
He died at the height av his glory,
An' he was the glorious kind!
His inimies called him a grafter,
An' maybe he was, but I know
He was head av the legions av laughter
An' I'm happy to think av him so.

He was brimmin' wid blarney an' banter,
An' buzzin' wid humor an' fun,
He rollicked through life at a canter
Whin it wasn't a race or a run;
To women—the best or the worst one—
His voice was a tindher caress,
He'd spind his last cint like the first one
Wid a manner no words cud express.

He was fond av good dinners and suppers,
An' fond av good liquor as well,
An' though he was oft on his uppers
Be hivens, you never cud tell;
For his smile was a warm one an' winnin';
His manner was gracious an' bland;
In virtuous ways or in sinnin'
Oho, but McGinnis was grand!

McGinnis is dead an' departed,
 But he was a man to the ind;
 Big-handed, big-voiced, big-hearted,
 A frind that was always a frind!
 From New Year's clear through to December
 He wint the whole route, good or bad,
 Ochone, we'll be proud to remember,
 An' sure to be missin' the lad!

MY CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. SULLIVAN BRENNAN.

My Christmas candle's shining,
And in its cheerful glow
I see another gleaming
Of long, oh long ago.

'Twas my father lit that candle!
Again his voice I hear;
"God grant you're all around me
On Christmas Eve a year."

So tall and fair I see him stand
With hair all snowy white;
While loving faces gathered round,
That happy, happy night.

Peace, peace, my soul; go bravely on,
Nor shed I selfish tears;
For all the loved ones gone to God,
Throughout the passing years.

For small and smaller grew the band
Around the candle light;
And fewer drew the table round,
Upon that festal night.

And thus my Christmas Candle brings
 Its memories sad and sweet;
 And strong the wish within my heart,
 My loved again to meet.

In God's good time in God's Own place,
 I'll see the faces bright;
 That gathered in the dear old home,
 That happy, holy night.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

BY PATRICK KANE.

Fill up your glasses to the brim,
And drink and love together—
A flowing bowl to honest men,
When at freedom's shrine they gather,
And to our kin across the sea,
Whose memory we treasure,
God give them health and liberty
In an overflowing measure.

We'll toast to childhood's cherished home,
In fair and plundered Erin,
Where through the woods I first did roam,
Wild, rollicking and daring;
And to each nook and silvery brook
Each briar, bush and bramble
Where bluebells spring and lovers sing
As through the vales they ramble.

We'll toast old Erin's lovely air,
So soft and so beguiling,
Her flowery carpets, rich and rare,
In scenic valleys smiling,
The silvery music of the rills
Made by the great Creator,
That, rippling 'mid the emerald hills,
Sing glorious songs of nature.

Then, brothers, drain your glasses dry,
 And drink this toast in chorus:
 May hate of tyrants never die
 Till we free the land that bore us;
 May landlord despots pass away,
 Without bloodshed or slaughter—
 Such is my wish this Christmas day
 To Ireland o'er the water.

COIGNY.

BY MAUDE HEALY.

[Coigny, or Coygne, in archaic Gaelic meant meat, and it was the meat
dealt out to pensioners of a great chief.]

O Patrick Magee was a bit of a rogueen,
A rascally lad with a touch of the brogueen.
He loved a good drink, and he loved a good dinner,
And as he grew fat sure his purse it grew thinner.

Said Patrick "I'm thinking my stomach's too healthy,
'Tis sorry I am that I was not born wealthy,
But I have a scheme, and no plan could be finer,
I'll hire myself out as professional diner.

"'Tis a bit of a joke and a bit of a story,
A toast, and this gossoon will be in his glory."
So Pat fell to studying jokes and repartee,
And now at fine banquets he sits and eats hearty.

O Patrick Magee, you're the plague of a rogueen,
And it's I that have laughed at your wit and your brogueen.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY REV. JAMES K. FIELDING.

[The churchyard of Rathkieran is situated in the parish of Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland. It occupies a most delightful site, commanding a magnificent view of the Suir Valley. About two hundred yards from the east end of the church itself is pointed out the site of St. Kieran's monastery, also a rath from which the place takes its name. Written in June, 1894.]

In a verdant Leinster valley
 Where a river running pure,
 Glides by hamlet, cot and castle
 Till it joins the lordly Suir,
 Stands a churchyard grim and hoary,
 And around it like a guard
 Are the trees that Kieran planted
 In an old churchyard.

And the pilgrim as he passes
 Wonders what may be the tale
 Of that ruin once the glory
 Of the land of Innisfail:
 Comes an answer from the gable
 Towering high above the sward—
 Ah! it tells a thrilling story
 Of that old churchyard.

Centuries have passed and many
 Since o'er lea and grassy dell,
 Clust'ring came the faithful people,

At the call of vesper bell.
There they vowed to fight for Erin,
And the priceless faith to guard—
Ah! they kept it pure and spotless
In that old churchyard.

Soon the tyrant's hand passed o'er it—
Henry's bloodhounds mad with ire
Desecrated shrines and altars,
Set the holy church on fire.
There the dust of saints and sages
Rests beneath the verdant sward—
Hallowed with the blood of martyrs—
In that old churchyard.

Tower of Erin's ancient glory,
Well may Oss'ry's sons today
Look with pride upon thy ruins—
Crumbling, falling to decay!
Death and exile, fire and famine—
Such, the Saxon laws' award
To thy children faithful ever
In that old churchyard.

Ah! my weary spirit wanders
To a grave by kind hands blest,
Where in springtime grows the primrose
Fertilized by one loved best.
Hallowed spot, I long to slumber
With the loved ones 'neath the sward,
Where the daisies deck the green sod
In that old churchyard.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY PATRICK KANE.

My thoughts fly to Erin's green hills over the ocean
 To the ancient old church where I first heard devotion,
 To the green clothed valleys of Tooma so bright,
 With its beautiful primroses glittering and white,
 To its rugged old ditches, its berries and sloes,
 Where the Pooka can ramble or dwell in repose,
 'Mid the oziers and bushes that tremble and sway
 'Round the home of my birth with its gables so gray.

How sweet it was there with the gorsoons to play
 'Mid those beautiful shades on a bright summer's day,
 Reciting or singing, or casting the stone
 By Mickey's old stream now so airy and lone,
 Where oft I have heard from the lips of the old
 That beneath this old cascade were treasures of gold
 So carefully guarded by ghosts that were seen
 By the fairy-seeing people each night at this stream.

Nigh this ghost-haunted stream was my father's old gate
 With its teeth-setting creak, warped from rain and from heat,
 Where oft I have driven a staple and hasp
 In the rugged old post my young hands could not grasp,
 Where I bid "Cuss," my dog, leap it o'er at a bound
 If intruders dare enter our garden or ground,
 For by our old dwellings were apples and bees
 And gooseberries, currants and sweet cherry trees.

When the harsh winter came with its mantle of snow
To Cloonsarnes old school with repugnance I'd go
Bearing two sods of turf, one hugged under each arm,
To please the schoolmaster and keep myself warm,
While Eddy O'Rourke, my young cousin so shy
Would stay home with the ladies to spark on the sly,
For we loved the one girl, he dare not deny,
And to steal her affections he often did try.

But alas; since I roamed from this beautiful spot
Where the flowers profusely embellished each cot,
Where the heart and the hand or the shilling to spend
Were ready to greet either stranger or friend;
How dark, oh, how dismal, how drear is the ruin
That spreads o'er the kind loving homesteads of Cloone.
It shades the bright pictures my soul loves to trace,
For the grabbers and land-thieves are wrecking the place.

Oh! but sweet are the memories drawn from the past
And its bright in my innermost soul they shall last,
For I vowed to the heavens, where'er I may roam,
To remember those kind-hearted neighbors at home;
To aid the old country, wherever I be,
Till the flag of old Ireland flies proudly and free,
Till the red coat, the landlord, the bailiff and spy
Like reptiles from Erin are driven to die.

December 7, 1885.

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, LL.D.

[Native of Toronto, Canada. Now editor of The New World, Chicago.]

O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother sings
 As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;
 Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with
 rays

Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;
 The orchard blooms anew and each blossom scents the way,
 And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
 While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
 All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin and of Liszt,
 As they dripp'd and droop'd about my heart and filled my eyes
 with mist;

I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the spell of Verdi's
 power,

As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donjon tower;
 And Gounod's oratories are full of notes sublime
 That stir the heart with rapture 'thro the sacred pulse of time;
 But all the music of the past and the wealth that memory brings
 Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my mother sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care;
It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
And is starr'd with ripest blessings thro' a mother's sacred love;
O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

BY PATRICK SHELLEY O'RYAN.

[Written at the age of 17 by the author, a talented newspaper man, lawyer and lecturer of Chicago, whose premature demise was the occasion of deep and general regret.]

Those storied ruins, though mouldering and decayed,
 In beauty matchless are for us arrayed;
 Their crumbling walls, their pillars falling fast,
 Speak mute and fondly of a golden past.
 An age there was, forgotten now, unknown,
 When held these halls the glory of a throne.
 How silent now! Their echoes long have slept;
 Yet, through their chambers wide the strains once swept
 Of deep resounding harp, vibrating long,
 In ringing chords and loud, the victor's song.
 How quiet now, how stilly and how calm!
 'Tis like the peace succeeding some quaint psalm,
 As toned in half-lit cloisters long ago,
 By choir monastic, weirdly faint and slow,
 And yet, these moss-clad columns, tott'ring now,
 Beheld the diadem on prelate's brow,
 Watched the accompaniments of pomp and pride
 That marked the ceremonies of festal tide—
 The mitred prince, with robes begemmed and bright,
 The censers swinging at the sacred rite,
 The serving throng that flaming tapers bore,
 While sage and saint, and prince and priest adore;
 They heard the anthem swell with varying strain,

Now low, now high, now soft, and hushed again,
 Now pealing forth, as organ-like and strong,
 It spoke the numbers of praiseful song;
 Anon, 'twas plaint and sad, as sorrow's tone
 The Miserere wafted to the Throne.

* * * * *

We love those ruins, their turrets and their tow'rs,
 The lonely haunt of many lonely hours;
 We pass with rev'rent tread the hallowed clay,
 The shrine, it were, where ages' ashes lay.
 In solitude, how sweet to walk the aisle,
 When fancy's fetters are unloosed the while,
 Bring back the glories of the olden time
 In visions bright and shape them into rhyme!
 On many a time and oft the scenes we paint
 Of romance stirring, or of legend quaint;
 Through years of war and woe, of strife and feud,
 Unaltered, save by Time, these walls have stood;
 Bright days and dark, alike they've lived to know,
 As well the hour of triumph as of woe.
 Waked were they often with the clarion shrill
 Of Erin's septs assembling 'round each hill,
 While from the pinnacle blazed the beacon bright
 Which called the clansman brave and armored knight;
 And oft the vow they've heard soft whispered paid
 Before the altar of some royal maid.
 In trial and triumph, what our land has been,
 They stand a witness, silent, sad, serene.

* * * * *

And oft, where circ'lar window opes to view
 A landscape, lovely in its every hue,
 We've stood and mused, enraptured as we thought,
 And drank the sweet delight the moment brought.

Below, the abbey, old and gray and hoar,
 Monument and tomb of times and men no more,
 The foreground forms of picture fair to see,
 With meadow, valley, river, hill and tree,
 And here, half-hid, a homestead shown among
 The branching shades that 'round its haggards clung.
 What soothing pleasure, saddening to feel,
 When o'er its face at eve night's shadows steal!
 But, now, 'twas bathed in the sun's soft beams,
 As sinking in the west his parting streams
 The hilltops gilded with a wond'rous glow
 Which varied, ling'ring, e'er he went below.
 'Tis oft we've gazed, grown fonder as we viewed
 The gayer tints replaced by sombre hues.
 'Tis oft we've felt our soul to sadness stray,
 When eve cast on the scene its shroud of gray,
 And oft we've hoped, nor hoped we trust in vain,
 As day departed from that fair domain,
 That peaceful, tranquil, calm, from trouble free,
 The parting of life's day to us may be.

HOLY OLD IRELAND.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Oh, give me a rifle and let me away,
To the green fields of holy old Ireland,
To Erin Machree for to join in the fray
For the freedom of holy old Ireland.

CHORUS.

For a rebel am I, from dame nature's old mold
And my father was rebel stout, hearty and bold,
And a rebel I'll be till my body lies cold,
In the green fields of holy old Ireland.

Oh, may the angels of light ever smile from above,
On Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and all those that we love,
We will pray for those sons who unselfishly strove
For the freedom of holy old Ireland.

And if 'mid the storms of battle we will die,
We will yield up our lives without struggle or sigh,
If that green banner of England should triumphantly fly,
Over the green fields of holy old Ireland.

Oh, then, make a grave where the bright sunbeams rest,
Where it will shine o'er my tomb like a smile from the west,
When my body will be at peace in that Isle I love best,
In the green fields of holy old Ireland.

FROM THE DREAM OF COLOSSUS.

BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

[Native of Kilcoleman, Mayo County, Ireland. At present on the editorial staff of The Rosary Magazine, Somerset, O.]

And Gold is lord of the market place and Hate sits throned in the tyrant's heart,

And Justice veileth her virgin face and shrinks abashed from the brawling mart.

And Mercy hideth in fens and caves and vultures of force and falsehood gnaw

The bones that whiten on freemen's graves; for Wrong is master and Might is law.

But ye who grovel in dust and raise your idols false in the street and mart

Go! preach your gospel of blood and lust to the sensualists's sordid heart!

Go forth in the cause of Bond and Stock; the weak despoil in the holy name

Of the gentle Christ Whom ye scourge and mock and nail each day to the cross of shame.

Go! force your laws on the heathen blind in the name of Him Whom your lives blaspheme!

There are other gods than your Saxon kind, there are other dreams than your Saxon dream.

What prize we today of passionate Greece? A marble torso, a temple's frieze.

She sleeps with the dead, but her lightning soul outleaps on the lips of Demosthenes.

Who careth now for the kings she quelled? From the mind of
man they are passed and gone,
But the world's true heart is captive yet to the classic grace of
her Parthenon.
Rome's spectre flits with the past's pale ghosts, but her sun-like
splendors ever shine
And we catch the tramp of her haughty hosts in the golden
thunder of Virgil's line.
Her sceptre proud of the seas shall pass, her empire fade like
a blown-out flame,
And England's glory shrink at last to the single star of Shake-
speare's name,
And her kings shall fail and the towers they pile to shrine their
fame, and their names be hid
With the noteless monarchs who raised by Nile the empty pride
of the pyramid.
For the dead are dead and are soon forgot, but the great deed
lives, and the hero's name
And the poet's dream are the lamps of earth and star the dusk
of the years with flame.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER, M. D., Charlestown, Mass.

Men have said and preached and written for a hundred years
and more,

That the Catholics were never an advantage to this shore.

They have shouted, lay and cleric, of the "patriotic" clan,
That America owes nothing to the "Roman" Irishman.

Come and read our country's story, and behold how they have lied,
See how Catholics discovered, and the Irish for her died!

Lo, Las Casas, famous Pinson, with Columbus in command,
Leaving sunny Spain behind them for a visionary land.

And Americus Vesputius, kneeling at the papal throne,
Asking God to bless and guide him in his quest for lands unknown.

What were they? I ask the bigots were they Catholics by birth?
Found they not for all God's people, best and greatest land on
earth?

At what altar prayed the Cabots, great De Soto and Champlain,
And the world-renowned Balboa, who first saw the peaceful Main?

Ponce de Leon, Varrazani, valiant Cortez and La Salle,
Father Marquette, Monk La Carron, who Lake Huron loved so
well,

And the Admiral Magellan, who first sailed the globe around,
And Cartier, who Canada and the grand St. Lawrence found?

Few I name, but they are potent in revealing this broad land
From the snow-clad hills of Greenland to the southern polar
strand.

Turn a page, and view the founders of our cities and our States,
From Quebec to St. Augustine, onward to the Golden Gates.

Read the Revolution's story—written by a truthful hand—
See the Catholics who suffered and the outer ramparts manned.

At Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and German-
town,
Monmouth, Moultrie and Point Stoney, Valley Forge of sad
renown.

And whose blood bedewed each valley and encrimsoned every
rill,
From the banks of Yorktown River back to blood-stained Bun-
ker Hill.

Who was founder of our navy in those dark and doubtful days?
Will Jack Barry and McDonough ever win the bigot's praise?

Know they not that sons of Patrick, who it seems they cannot
bear,
Saved our Washington and army from starvation and despair?

Do they know that "Romish" Poland, "Popish" Spain and "Pa-
pist" France,
Sent their ships to aid our struggle—warlike men with gleam-
ing lance?

Have they heard of great Pulaski, Rochambeau and Lafayette,
The immortal Kosciusko, whose fame's sun shall never set.

Gallant Moylan, and O'Brien; Carroll, he whose noble hand
Signed the scroll of Independence on behalf of Maryland.

And the thousand other brave men, who fought well for Free-
dom's Chart,
And whose names and deeds are graven on the Nation's grate-
ful heart?

And, again in the Rebellion! Lo, the records brave and bright
Of the fearless sons of Erin in the awful bloody fight.

At Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg of deathless
fame;
Shiloh, Corinth and Antietam—Glory yet delights in name.

And at Vicksburg—dogged stronghold—they charged through
shot and shell
Till the rebels ran before them as from out the muoth of hell.

Heard they of heroic Meagher, dashing Sheridan and Shields,
Dauntless Corcoran, Phil Kearney, hero of Chantilly's fields.

But why thus pursue the story of the Catholics' high deeds;
It is simply wasting paper, for the bigot never reads.

LEITRIM, AWAKE

BY PATRICK KANE.

Arise, brave men of Leitrim, with your countrymen arise,
Hurrah today for freedom! fling your banner to the skies.
Unite in Ireland's holy cause, and swear both one and all
To free the land that bore you, from Cape Clear to Donegal.

Come from the hills of Ballinamore, from Fenagh's verdant vales,
From Mohill, Cloone and Newtowngore, from Carrick's green-
clad dales,
From Carrigallen, Camber, Sunachmore and Mullaghbawn,
And bring your rifles with you, boys, to greet the rising dawn.

From Dromad, Kesh and Drumsna to Breffny of renown;
From Drumlee and Kiltyclogher, and Drumkeeran's ancient
town;
Killeshandra and Drumshambo will not be far behind
When Erin's flag of green and gold is fluttering in the wind.

Assemble in your thousands, determined every man
To take your place as freemen should in freedom's holy van!
To fight to guard the guerdon left you by your fathers when
They fought and died to leave to you the heritage of men.

Remember stormy ninety-eight, Lord Edward's cruel death;
 And brave young Emmet's dying words, when, with his latest
 breath,
 He said no stone should mark his grave until his land was free;
 Then up, arise, and strike one blow again for liberty.

To the great, good God above us we lowly bend the knee.
 O God, our Father, hear us; for we've always trusted Thee;
 Grant our long-divided people union, strength and love, to guide
 Us on the day our ranks are found on freedom's winning side.
 October 9, 1886.

THE HILLS OF IRELAND.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

The emerald hills of Ireland
In the glory of summer days,
Under the blue of heaven
Basking in purple haze,
When the whitehorn's scent comes floating
And the gold of the furze bloom gleams—
The beautiful hills of Ireland,
They haunt our tenderest dreams.

The bleak, bare hills of Ireland—
Oh, hard is the peasant's toil
That grubs for a poorest living
In pockets of poorest soil!
God and the gray rocks know it,
Their misery, want and woe,
Who were chased to those stony deserts
From the rich, fair fields below.

The terrible hills of Ireland
When the shades of eviction fall,
When up through the slushy boreen
Come sheriff and peelers and all,
And out in the wild, wet weather
The starving family's thrown—
Oh, those terrible hills of Ireland
And the mournful scenes they've known!

Yet, dear, dear hills of Ireland,
 Be your skies of gray or blue,
 From far away, this Patrick's Day,
 Our love we send to you.
 Be your fairies of good or evil
 To bless or to ban the place,
 Fortress homes of the Gael,
 Still manned by the good old race;
 Be your joys of an earthly heaven
 Or your woes of an earthly hell,
 A health to you, hills of Ireland,
 And ye true hearts there that dwell!
 Chicago, St. Patrick's Day, 1908.

THE GOBLIN DANCE AT CORRIGA CROSSROADS.

BY REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

When midnight spreads her darksome cope
And no fair star's faint beam of hope
 From heaven brings joy to earth.
Unholy sprites from realms accurst,
From ruins and tombs in legion burst,
 To hold unhallowed mirth.

To Corriga's high and mist-capped hill,
Ill-famed of yore for deeds of ill,
 They come from east and west.
Uncouth and wild—a horrid show—
To drown the memory of their woe
 In fiendish fun unblest.

Some come as men in robes of red,
As living flame from foot to head,
 Eternal misery's weed;
As women, some in gowns of blue—
Of fire that wraps and pierces them through,
 Their flesh the fuel to feed.

They meet upon the crossroads wide,
The cross they trample in their pride,
 To trample on again.
With lurid fires they light the night,
The mockery of their past delight,
 Augmenting more their pain.



REV. JAMES KEEGAN



REV. MICHAEL SMYTH



What mortal e'er hath looked upon,
 That sight unseen by any sun,
 Life holds for him small bliss;
 The tone of woe ne'er leaves his voice,
 His heart unlearneth to rejoice,
 He lives as one amiss.

IN MEMORY OF FATHER KEEGAN.

BY PATRICK KANE.

The news is sad just sent to me,
From dearest friends across the sea,
That one whose love and memory

I ever shall revere.

Whose life on earth gave all delight,
The poet, priest and scholar bright,
Is lying low this very night,

For him I shed a tear.

Dear Father James, now in the tomb,
You're laid to slumber in your bloom,
Across the sea in ancient Cloone,

Where I spent many a day.

And the dear old friends who loved you best,
With broken hearts laid you to rest
In that lone tomb forever blest

On which the sunbeams play.

Poor wandering exiles, forced to flee
From dear old Ireland, o'er the sea,
Will offer up their prayers for thee

In this great land of the west.

For like a spotless virgin flower,
You were taken in your youthful hour
To decorate the heavenly bower

Of Him who loved you best.

The moon for aye may roam the sky
 And cast her silvery glances sly
 Around the plains wherein you lie
 To illuminate the gloom.
 And the winds of heaven, night and day,
 May all their mournful music play
 Amid the stones so grim and gray
 That mark your silent tomb.

But bleeding Erin, mother dear,
 Your memory shall for time revere,
 Because you loved her most sincere
 In thought and word and deed.
 And on her honored scroll of fame
 In lettered gold shall place your name,
 Though alien lordly robbers claim
 Your native hills unfreed.

And long your bright poetic pen
 She shall guide poor Erin's faithful men
 And show them they can freedom win
 If they stand firm and true.
 While with heart and soul and hand
 We'll pray for you and motherland
 Until we meet on the Golden Strand,
 Dear Father James, adieu.

MY WANDERER.

BY MAUDE HEALY.

O Wanderer of the World, come home!
A peat fire glows in Maeve's house-
The red sun lights the amber sky;
I run the length of Maeve's boreen,
And look to your lost ship and cry.
O Wanderer of the World, come back!
The candles glimmer through the pane;
The white moon rises like a soul,
But newly purged of earth's red stain,
While I in crimson, clinging robes
Stretch out my empty arms in vain.
Black clouds across the white moon roll,
But red fires in Maeve's house-
O Wanderer of the World, return!

THE IRISH RECORD.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain on Irish fame?
 Who dreads to own his Irish blood, or wear his Irish name;
 Who scorns the warmth of Irish hearts, the clasp of Irish hands?
 Let us but raise the veil tonight and shame him where he stands.

The Irish Fame! it rests enshrined within its own proud light;
 Wherever sword or tongue or pen has fashioned deed of might.
 From battle charge at Fontenoy to Grattan's thunder tone,
 It holds its storied past on high unrivaled and alone.

The Irish blood! its crimson tide has watered hill and plain,
 Where'er were wrongs to crush or freeman's rights to gain.
 No dastard thought, no coward fear, has held it tamely by
 When there were noble deeds to do or noble deaths to die.

The Irish heart! the Irish heart! God keep it fair and free—
 The fullness of its kindly thought, its wealth of honest glee,
 Its glorious strength, its ardent faith, its uncomplaining trust—
 Though every worshiped idol breaks and crumbles into dust.

The Irish hands! Aye, lift them up embrowned by honest toil—
 The champions of this western world, the guardians of its soil!
 When flashed their battle swords aloft a waiting world might see
 What Irish hands could do and dare to keep a nation free.

They bore our starry flag above, through bastion, gate and wall;
They stood before the foremost rank, the bravest of them all;
And when before the cannon's mouth they held the foe at bay,
Oh, never could old Ireland's heart beat louder than that day.

So when a craven fain would hide the birthmark of his race,
Or slightly speak of Erin's sons before her children's face,
Breathe no weak word of shame or scorn, but crush him where
 he stands,
With Irish worth and Irish fame as won by Irish hands!

ON VINEGAR HILL.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

[The fight at Enniscorthy, by Leinster peasants against trained and overwhelming British forces, was one of the most notable events in the Wexford insurrection of 1798. Descendants of the participants in the struggle are numerous in Chicago, including John J. Coburn, the well-known lawyer, and Nicholas J. Sinnott, prominent in commercial circles.]

Blaze the guns round Vinegar Hill,
 Freedom's sons with their flame surrounding,
 Musketry's roar and trumpet shrill
 The doom of the insurrection surrounding,
 Tyranny's cohorts, rank on rank,
 And—noblest sight for the world to see—
 Brave men, circled from front to flank,
 All willing to die for liberty.

Father Clinch from his saddle falls,
 Fencible blood from his saber streaming,
 Against the gray old windmill's walls,
 The glow of the hostile lightning gleaming.
 , Against the base of the grim, great mound
 Fierce beat the waves of that scarlet sea,
 While patriot guns preach the gospel sound—
 Dearer than life is liberty.

Coburn and Neville undaunted stand
 Hurling rocks on the charging yeomen;
 While Sinnott, with gory pike in hand
 Havoc makes 'mid the Hessian foemen,

And gallant thousands rally and bleed,
Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee,
Writing in crimson their Irish creed—
Sweeter than life is liberty.

But coward Butcher General Lake
Has fired the roofs that the wounded cover,
Through "Needham's gap" his fencibles take
Courage on track of the brave to hover.
Pass the heroes to honored graves
On stony slope or on daisied lea,
'Neath yeomen's bullets or Hessians' glaives,
Hearts all silent, but souls all free.

DREAMLAND.

BY ANNA CECILIA DOYLE.

Once I dwelt in dreamland,
And every day was fair,
The sun was always shining,
There was no sorrow there.

The sun of love was shining
I see its glory yet,
And my heart grows sick with longing,
With longing and regret.

O once I dwelt in dreamland,
And gladly I'd return,
For those I dearly love there
Oft times how I yearn.

Their faces rise before me
In the crowded city street,
I hear their voices calling,
And the sound is passing sweet.

Now, I am an exile,
And I know that land no more,
But some day I'll go back there
And be happy as before.

THE DREAM.

BY JAMES E. MCDADE.

A poet dreamt a dream so frail,
So flowery-fragile, and so fair,
Well might his raptured soul despair
To paint such glories ere they pale.

About him adamantine towers,
Proud pyramids, and walls of brass
Sublimely watched the ages pass,
Rock-based against the fleeting hours.

Those towers, a thousand years ago,
Time's flood engulfed; but that frail dream
Blooms on the bosom of the stream
Like dew-pearled lotus in the dawn.

THE WOODS OF WISCONSIN.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

A feverish heat in the heart of the city,
 A wan, haggard hue on the faces that pass;
 The whip of necessity cracks without pity,
 And Business, the slave-driver, urges the mass.
 Poor atoms that drift on life's turbulent river
 'Mid hearts that are hardened and feelings that freeze,
 Oh, were we but once in
 The woods of Wisconsin
 How sweetly we'd rest 'neath the shade of the trees!

Not here the grand freedom that Nature is craving,
 Not here the grand peace that is balm to the soul,
 With grinding and grasping, with striving and saving,
 With days grey and sordid and nights dark with dole;
 But oh, for blue lakes amid tall forests glowing,
 The fragrance of pines on the health-giving breeze—
 Ay, were we but once in
 The woods of Wisconsin
 What joy would be ours 'neath the shade of the trees!

While hot demon breath sends the fetid dust whirling,
 And fierce beats the sun on humanity's hives,
 The slime of the city is seething and swirling
 In lungs and in livers, in hearts and in lives.
 Dear heart-healing balsam that floats in the forest,

Beloved woodland air, wafting solace and ease,
We wooed you when once in
The woods of Wisconsin
We dwelt in delight 'neath the stately old trees.

Thus ever we sigh with a passionate praying
To leave the dull streets for the sun-dappled sward,
Where murmuring pines in the summer wind swaying,
Sound like the sweet soothing voice of the Lord.
For there dwelleth purity, rapture and beauty,
The soul to invigor, the heart to appease—
'Twas thus we found once in
The woods of Wisconsin
A Fountain of Life 'neath the shade of the trees!

A DREAM OF ERIN.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

I dreamt a dream, 'twas Ireland seen
 In distant years beyond,
 Enthron'd and crown'd a beautiful queen
 Earth's idol cherish'd fond,—
 And nations pass'd before her
 And courtiers grac'd her halls,
 And the song of Mirth and Freedom
 Prov'd her battlement and walls.

The wounds and scars of olden days
 Had left her maiden brow,
 And manly hearts stood by her side,
 And swords spoke of a vow—
 That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
 Should forevermore be free,
 And her patriot sons in union
 Drive the Saxon o'er the sea.

I saw the Shannon pour along
 In joyous accents clear,
 Its tide of music sweet and strong—
 Each wave was filled with cheer;
 And hast'ning on in proud acclaim
 Swept Barrow, Suir and Lee;
 For a nation's heart was throbbing
 In each wavelet to the sea.

O land of woe and sorrow,
When shall come the vision bright?
When shall beam a glad tomorrow?
When shall fade thy starless night?
I have watched and waited for thee,
I have hoped for thee in fear,
I have caught thy ray of sunshine
Through the ocean of a tear.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[Dedicated to the memory of my late room mate and brother in Ireland's cause, Michael B. Ryan, son of James P. Ryan, parish of Bulgaden, County Limerick, Ireland.]

Oh, Michael dear how fast, how fast
Your hour has come, your life is past,
And now I know you're gone at last
To slumber in the clay.

While in the silence of my room
I trace your shadow in its gloom
And pray for you, now in the tomb
Each weary night and day.

Ah me, how strange this room has grown
Since you hath left me here alone
To miss your sweet, melodious tone
In songs of Ireland;
To read the books, to think and pause
Of how you loved poor Ireland's cause,
And swore to drive the brutal laws
Of England from our land.

To think upon the joys we've had,
The arguments that made you mad
'Bout Irish leaders, good and bad
That oft gave hope and cheer;
But death relieved you from such care,
And in this room so lone and drear
I'll kneel and for thee say a prayer
Blest with a silent tear.

Oh, had you died on Irish soil
Where shamrocks green would o'er you smile,
And tender friends would love and toil
 To dress your grave alone
Amid proud Limerick's green clad dales,
Where Sarsfield and his Clan-na-Gaels
Drove the brutal Saxon from the vales
 Of historic Garryowen.

But alas! dear faithful friend, you're laid,
'Mid Calvary's cold and gloomy shade,
And your silent grave the strangers made
 Far from your native shore;
But Michael, dear, I'll pray for thee,
No matter where on earth I'll be,
Until we meet in heaven free;
 Good-bye, dear Mike, asthore.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[To the memory of my mother, Anne Keegan Kane, who died
June 6, 1880.]

When some are gone to quiet rest,
And memories sad remain my guest,
I think of those who loved me best,
 Across the ocean's spray.
Of some who now are slumbering cold,
In Cloone's dear graveyard, bleak and old,
Where dearest friends have turned to mold
 In consecrated clay.

Oh, mother, in your youthful bloom,
You died and left your home in gloom;
Why did you leave it so—so soon—
 Your absence to deplore?
You were the nearest friend to me,
The dearest earthly friend could be;
Oh! may I meet you pure and free
 On heaven's golden shore.

Then to my father's humble home,
My silent thoughts do slowly roam,
And dwell upon them sad and lone,
 In that secluded place.
How brave he struggles heart and hand,
To hold his own against a band
Whose wrecks and plunders o'er the land,
 Are visible to trace.

Then thoughts of those old neighbors kind,
I brightly treasure in my mind,
God grant that I may live to find,
Those people kind and true.
When yet I hope that I shall pay
A visit on some future day,
And with them all to pass away,
A pleasant month or two.

Alas! those thoughts of home and friends,
My soul with sorrow slowly rends,
Just like the blooming rose that sends,
Its fragrance through the air.
I burst with griefs that overflow,
Then down on bended knees I go,
And for those dear ones lying low,
I say my silent prayer.

TO A LOVED ONE IN ERIN.

BY PATRICK KANE.

Bright are the heather blossoms on old Gubnisthacawn,
Bright are the blooming flowers spread over the dewy lawn.
But brighter still than blooming rose, and fairer far to me,
Is she, who lives in Leitrim, in Erin, o'er the sea.

She's more modest than the violets that in the meadows grow ;
She's purer than the rippling streams that by those valleys flow,
The mellow music of her voice, her brown and flowing hair
Inspired my heart to love but her, the fairest of the fair.

The memories of the rustic bridge, the old and shady lane,
Where oft I've met this dearest one as home from school she
came.

How sweet the blushes veiled her face, as there by chance we met,
Just like the hue upon a rose with dew of morning wet.

I love her still, through good and ill, my heart can never change,
Although I've roamed through many lands, through prairie and
through range,

And to her still my heart appeals in quest of sweet repose,
That yet beside this dearest one my life on earth may close.

I love the vales where first she trod in childhood's pleasant glee,
I love the land that gave her birth, I hope to see it free ;
I love the streamlet by her home, where often I've been told
That leprechaunen fairies guard the hidden crocks of gold.

Written 1885.

IN THE LAP OF THE BOG.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

Weary was I of the clamor and rush of the town,
Of its lies and its sins and seductions, its walls of brown,
And its squalid dreams.

And my soul was athirst for the gold-starred brae,
The cabin, rose-grown, and the heather in May;
The glint of *weeny* streams.

Strained were my ears for the swish of the wind in the grass,
The rapture of fiddling, the songs of the *sidhe* that pass
On their steeds of fog;
And the tales by the fire, and the laugh and the tear,
Where reigneth not gold nor the devil,—out here
In the lap o' the bog.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[The writer, a native of Clonakilty, County Cork, after studying some time in France for the priesthood, was a friend and companion of the Fenian Head Centre, James Stephens, with whom he was excluded from France at the instance of the British government by a servile French cabinet that directly afterwards met its downfall. After traveling extensively in Europe, he became a member of the staff of The Dublin Nation. He was an able, graceful and copious writer. He died some years ago in Brooklyn, N. Y.]

He boasts no tawdry garter, no coat of arms, nor crest,
No ribbon of a royal guild is flaunting from his breast;
He cannot point to pedigrees grown gray with age and dim—
To be a son of Adam is quite good enough for him!
No titled prig, no dude is he, for since his race began
He is what God meant him to be—he's every inch a man!

A man with proud, unfettered soul of aspirations high,
And chainless as the eagle bird whose palace is the sky;
Strong and undaunted as the rock that breasts the angry foam.
Equality his citadel and liberty his home.
His birthright is his charter—he bows before no throne,
He serves no earthly master—he kneels to God alone!

Yet what a scepter he doth yield! He holds within his hand
A staff of gold that makes him king and sovereign of the land.
He hews the pines, he plows the fields, he fructifies the soil,
And builds a gran'ry for the grain that groweth from his toil;
And with the wealth thus treasured up from busy day to day,
Erect of gait and resolute, he goes his missioned way.

Progress and peace his destined goal and work his sacred creed,
He lifts the world to higher heights by thought and word and
deed!

"Old Glory" floating o'er his head, its flagstaff strong as death,
Held firmly in his grawny hand—more valued than his breath,
He marches on with rapid step, forever in the van—
This peerless knight of humankind—THE TRUE AMERICAN!

AN IRISH WAR SONG.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[Written Feb. 3, 1887, in New York City, when Ireland was at the mercy of the land thieves and eviction made men desperate.]

Oh, look on bleeding motherland, behold the savage crew
Of plundering pirate landlords, who the Irish race pursue.
Through centuries of blood and tears, through ages red with gore,
They've murdered and evicted us and drove us from our shore.

And shall we keep appealing still upon the bended knee?
No; moral force can never free that land across the sea.
The bayonet, bomb, the cannon's roar, the shock of dynamite
Will teach those plundering robbers that Irishmen can fight.

Behold those swarming vipers in their coats of cruel red,
With bailiffs and informers, destruction far to spread.
Through ruined Irish homesteads they scatter grief and woe—
Now God Almighty help our race and mercy to us show.

Think of the Dublin martyrs, all murdered in their prime,
The perjury that butchered Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.
The blood of noble Emmet, Lord Edward and Wolfe Tone,
Of Barrett and O'Donnell, lies red at Britain's throne.

The land is ours; then up, arise, and guard the blessed sod
In memory of the heroes who bravely o'er it trod,
In memory of our fathers' bones, now mouldering in the clay,
In memory of our plundered land in agony today.

Then cursed be the lordly crew, their bailiffs and their spies,
And every grabbing ruffian, no matter where he lies.
Old Lowther and Lord Leitrim and all those vipers vile,
Come, speed the day when we will drive those reptiles from
our isle.

Arise, arise, oh noble friends, no matter where you be,
Let creed and faction stand aside, strike home for liberty;
Let's rally round the old green flag and amid the cannon's roar,
The sword alone must free our land, now and forever more.

WE'LL SING OF IRELAND.

[This and the following song, published by request, were favorites of the late John Dowling, of Chicago, whose untimely demise was a cause of general sorrow.]

"A Song!" cried each bright-eyed fellow.

"Now what shall we sing about?

Shall we sing of the bounding billows,

Of battlefield or of rout,

Of foreign fields where freedom wields

Her sword in the deadly fray?

No! we'll sing of thee, dear Ireland,

Three thousand miles away.

'We'll sing of the sunny meadows

And we'll sing of the flowing streams,

Of the glens that sleep in shadows

That haunt us in our dreams.

Of the dancing rills and the high green hills

And the fields we ne'er may see.

Then here's to the fields of Ireland

With a hearty three times three.

"We'll sing of the great departed

And the valleys where they lie,

The true and the fearless-hearted

Who taught men how to die;

And every man of every class

We'll guard his memory,

Who died on the green hills fighting

For Ireland's liberty.

"Then fill your glasses cheering
And drain your goblets dry
To the men who died for Erin,
To those who yet may die
'Neath prison bars or 'neath the stars,
In camp or garden gay—
We'll sing of thee, Gra Gal Machree,
Three thousand miles away."

FOR FREEDOM AND FOR ERIN.

ANONYMOUS.

Thank God at last the day is past
 For begging and beseeching,
 And bugle notes now take the place
 Of orators and speaking.
 The busy camp, the soldiers' tramp,
 Instead of senseless cheering,
 And men to dare—to do and die
 For Freedom and for Erin.

CHORUS.

Then march away with banners gay,
 Brave hearts that know no fearing,
 And let our foes reel 'neath our blows
 For Freedom and for Erin.

Too long we've prayed and begged for aid
 In shameful degradation;
 Our own withheld their paltry pelf
 That might redeem their nation;
 But unsubdued by field and flood
 The dauntless hearts appearing
 To fight our fathers' good old fights
 For Freedom and for Erin.

Oh, comrades, who would dare and do
Brave souls sublime, undaunted,
The day of trial is at hand
When souls like yours are wanted;
Your rifles shine, fall into line,
The old green flag uprearing,
Send forth the cry who fears to die
For Freedom and for Erin!

MISSING.

BY ANNIE F. KINSELLA.

My childhood's haunts today I view,
 The old farmhouse around,
 And memories sweet of bygone days
 Are breathing from the ground.

The blackbird sways upon the bough,
 The rose hangs on the thorn,
 And balmy as a maiden's breath
 The air of summer morn.

The robin's song is just as blithe,
 And, borne on zephyrs warm,
 The clover's scent is still as sweet—
 But ah, one vanished charm!

A gentle face, a form of light,
 Long passed to calm repose;
 Kind Nature ne'er renewed her bloom—
 She vanished with the rose.

THE EXILES FROM MAYO.

BY ANDREW KENNY.

[Dedicated to the Mayo Men's Benevolent Association of Chicago.]

Hail, Motherland, the endless stream
Of exiles from thy shore,
For long has been the fertile theme
Of song and speech galore.
Since Brendan and Saint Columbkille
To oceans turned the pro,'
Of them we boast, tonight we toast
The exiles from Mayo.

At parting we have seen thee weep
Thy pilgrims to all lands,
Where footprints they have graven deep
On Time's historic sands.
But weep no more, the worst is o'er,
For whether joy or woe,
No cause for shame, regret or blame
Has Ireland for Mayo.

Our absence has intensified,
Since from thee we did part,
The love for thee that shall abide
While beats each loyal heart.
We meet tonight, far from thy sight,
Our hearts are all aglow,
We drain the glass and sing the lass
From the County of Mayo.

And speak of each distinguished son,
 Of soldier, patriot, sage;
 Whose names an honored place have won,
 On History's brightest page;
 They served thee well, as all can tell,
 And battled with thy foe,
 Twined with the fame of each bright name,
 Proud memories of Mayo.

The last proud Queen of Innisfail
 Our County people boast,
 When Granuaile did galleys sail
 'Round Mayo's rugged coast.
 There at Clew Bay, in grand array,
 Three hundred years ago,
 None dared gainsay her royal sway,
 Famed Sea Queen of Mayo.

When Humbert brought his troops from France,
 To pay the debt long due,
 Bold Mayo men with pike and lance
 To Ireland's cause were true.
 The strife began, the yeomen ran,
 As swift as forest roe;
 From Castlebar were chased afar
 The redcoats from Mayo.

Mayo's great sons, George Henry Moore
 And Father Pat Lavelle,
 First raised the cry 'gainst landlord's rule,
 The Land League rung its knell;
 Naught could withstand Mayo's demand:
 The landlords all must go
 And free the soil for those who toil
 In Ireland and Mayo.

Among the patriarchs of old
Stands high thy honored name;
McHale, "The Lion of the Fold,"
Undying is thy fame.
Linked with the Moses of his race,
Nemesis to thy foe,
Davitt, who's laid in ancient Strade,
Adds lustre to Mayo.

In Ireland's roll of marytr dead,
The last who won the crown;
With halos circling 'round each head,
Was Nally from Rockstown.
To Heaven on high their blood does cry,
For vengeance on the foe,
Whose blighting breath brought grief and death
To Ireland and Mayo.

All hail to thee, historic spot,
Blest be all Irish earth;
Perish his name who honors not
The land that gave him birth.
In unity, and charity,
To all except the foe,
We'll prove that we shall worthy be,
Of Ireland and Mayo.

6730 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

IN MEMORIAM, JOHN F. FINERTY.

BY JOE FOGARTY.

Erin, call your children from the four ends of the earth,
 Tell them softly, gently, to cease their joy and mirth,
 To don the sad black crape, the sable badge of grief,
 For death has called and taken Ireland's greatest chief.
 John Finerty, the honest man, the noblest of them all,
 Is numbered with the honored dead, he's now beyond recall;
 That voice is stilled forever, that thousands loved to hear,
 That manly form is vanished that thrilled with hope and cheer.

With fear our foes oft trembled at the mention of his name,
 Whilst Irish cheers a million fold attested his fame;
 A hero on the firing line, an orator in the hall,
 A true man always ready to answer freedom's call,
 Fluent and keen his mighty pen, in voicing Erin's cause,
 Untiring in his constant fight against oppressive laws.
 No braver son had Ireland to wield both sword and pen,
 And in defense of Erin's rights he'd face ten thousand men.

The landlord class he did assail, with Charles Stewart Parnell,
 With vigor and with vehemence he tolled their funeral knell;
 He lived to see them vanish like snow before hot rain,
 Usurping breed of shoneens, spawn of a vicious reign;
 For Ireland, all for Ireland, was his slogan night and day,
 With hands upraised and ready he always sought the fray.
 With Redmond for Home Rule he kept fighting manfully,
 He told the Saxon hypocrites that Ireland must be free.

Death, cruel death, assailed him in sight of freedom's goal,
And a nation's tears bewail him, with grief beyond control;
Ireland will ne'er forget the noble work he's done,
Whilst Galway with heartrending keen laments her favorite son;
Our church has lost a pillar, too, bold, stern, stout and strong—
He stood beside her priests and nuns 'gainst prejudice and wrong.
"By force," he said, "we're not subdued, but by another means—
Disunion is the weapon that keeps intact our chains.

"Then let us all be soldiers in this fight for liberty;
With shouts of joy we'll rend the skies when motherland is free."
Such was the watchword of the chief that we lament today,
A soldier's place his sole desire, in the midst of all the fray.
He fought uphill for native land, with courage all his own,
And long with love he strove to place dear Banba on her throne.
He shed light on Saxon ways, with his trusty, strong X-ray,
He unmasked them before the world in the clear, bright light
of day.

Poor Ireland has a champion lost, her swordsman is no more,
A wave of grief a mountain high has swept the Shamrock shore.
He's parted with this world of woe, has bowed to death's decree,
But in spirit he'll be with us in our fight for liberty.
His life works should a model be for every Irish heart,
And Erin's chains will crumble when each man does his part.
'Twixt tears and sobs my feeble pen indites his elegy—
May the joys of heaven be thine, John, forever in eternity.

THE UNITED THIRTY-TWO COUNTIES AND ALL TRUE IRISHMEN.

BY PATRICK KANE.

(Air—"Red, White and Blue.")

Oh, Ireland; dear Ireland, my darling,
 Arise from your slumber once more.
 Let the war cry of freedom give warning,
 That tyrants must fly from thy shore.
 You have fought them through cruel coercion,
 The Famine, the Scaffold, the Grave;
 Now burst the foul bonds of oppression,
 Away with each hireling and slave.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah, for the brave sons of Erin,
 Who surround valiant Redmond today,
 May their hearts be undaunted and daring,
 Till they sweep the land-tyrants away.

Men of Leitrim, Fermanagh and Derry,
 Louth, Cavan and brave Donegal.
 Dear Longford, brave Waterford and Kerry,
 Respond to the great leader's call.
 Old Dublin, Westmeath and brave Sligo;
 Tyrone, the great land of O'Neill,
 Antrim, Kilkenny and Carlow,
 March forth to John Redmond's appeal.

Now, Armagh, King's County and Mayo,
Limerick, Queen's County and Clare,
Roscommon, Wexford and Wicklow,
Join the soul of Wolfe Tone in Kildare;
Meath, Monaghan and Galway, so glorious,
With Tipperary, that never was afraid,
And from Cork to New York rings the chorus,
Away with the tyrant brigade.

HURRAH FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!

BY M. KEATING.

[A peasant woman at Ullster, named Molly Maguire, was successfully defended by friendly neighbors against Orange persecution. The defenders formed a secret organization for the protection of their homes and families. This organization, spreading, took the name of "the Molly Maguires" and eventually became The Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin). The society took an active part against William O'Brien in the late Munster elections, during which the following was circulated as a campaign ditty.]

(Air—"The Men of the West.")

Come all ye true sons of old Erin
 And listen a while to my song,
 The whole truth from me you'll be hearin',
 And be sure I will not keep ye long.
 The Order of Ancient Hibernians,
 That great Institution of Friends,
 Has been slandered and misrepresented
 By traitors to serve their own ends.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! for the cause that we love, boys,
 Home Rule sure our country requires,
 Three cheers for those true Irish heroes,
 Hurrah! for the Molly Maguires.

Maybe you'd be wanting to know, boys,
 Why they call us the "Molly Maguires"?
 'Twas all on account of a fight, boys,
 That took place 'twixt the Yeos and our sires—

A widow and orphan were ruined,
And thrown on the road to expire,
And our forefathers fought and defeated
The foes of poor "Molly Maguire."

The priests of our holy religion
In the old days were hunted to death
For preaching the Gospel of Truth, boys,
On the mountains, and caves underneath.
'Twas treason and death to defend them,
But brave men and true were our sires,
And the foremost to stand 'gainst their foes, boys,
Were the men they call "Molly Maguires."

The objects for which we are striving
Are Freedom and Friendship 'twixt all
True men who will serve dear old Ireland,
From Cork up to Ould Donegal.
'Midst the true-hearted Exiles of Erin,
Who from Ireland was forced to retire—
"For Unity, Friendship, and Freedom,"
Is the motto of "Molly Maguire."

We stand for a United Ireland,
Against faction and Unionist foes,
We appeal to all true sons of Erin,
These traitors to strongly oppose.
In the British Police Court in Dublin,
Our critics were proved to be liars,
So unite and stand fire for Old Ireland,
And cheers for the Molly Maguires.

NOT IN THE DOCK.

BY THOMAS O'DWYER.

[Thomas O'Dwyer, manager of the Emmet Memorial Hall, Chicago, had many lively adventures in Ireland during his efforts in the national cause, which resulted in his being tried before Chief Baron Palles and his eventual departure from Ireland.]

Old loyal comrades, tried and true, I spring a new surprise,
For safety to a foreign shore another exile flies;
My native land I now must leave in sorrow and in pain;
I can't e'en say farewell to ye before I cross the main.

Faithful was I to Erin's cause in time of direst need,
So I must leave poor Granuaile, my heart to grieve and bleed,
From traitors, spies and perjurers I turn in scorn away
And start from Gold's Cross station just at the break of day.

On Friday when in court I'm called, to fresh renew my bail,
The silence will cause friends to smile and hungry foes to wail,
John Kenny will go scurrying round and search in wild dismay,
And black will be his looks to find his victim's flown away.

The country will the tidings hear in pleasure and surprise
To know I've baffled Kenny and that constable so wise;
No second unjust trial for me, no fetters and no jail,
So judge, spies, peelers, bailiffs, all, I'm giving ye leg bail.

As seaward rolls the train I sing this humble parting song,
Farewell, my comrade boys and girls, these dear old vales along,
Your kind good will I know I bear across the rolling main,
I hope I soon will dance with you in Mohorough again.

JAMES FITZHARRIS.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[James Fitzharris departed this life Aug. 20, 1910, in Dublin County Poorhouse, after serving 15 years in British dungeons for his country's liberty. He was convicted on the perjured evidence of Farrell, Carey and other paid spies of the British government, and the rack-renting landlords of Ireland. He was tried in 1883, with Edward McCaffery, Joe Mullet, James Mullet, Joe Brady, Daniel Curley, Tim Kelly and Michael Fagin, and discharged in 1898. Indeed, I must say that Irishmen should blush for the way they neglected poor Fitzharris. May he rest in peace.]

He was lost to all that knew him,
No friendly hand was nigh
As he lay within the poorhouse
To pine away and die,
To pine away and die,
They heedless passed him by,
But the patriot soul went onward
To meet the Lord on high.

Yet welcome to Fitzharris
Was that lonely poorhouse grave,
Where no coward's taunt or insult
Could sting that soul so brave,
Could sting that soul so brave!
Oh, his life he nobly gave
That the holy flag of Ireland
To the breeze should freely wave.

God rest thy soul, Fitzharris,
 May the shamrocks o'er you bloom,
 May the heavenly sun of freedom
 Smile sweetly on your tomb,
 Smile sweetly on your tomb,
 May your land arise from gloom
 And for you may sons of Ireland
 In their memories aye find room.

From the cradle to the dungeon
 He loved poor Ireland's cause
 And swore to free his nation
 From vile coercion laws,
 From vile coercion laws,
 That laid the land in gloom—
 Now deserted in the poorhouse
 He meets a martyr's doom.

Oh, Erin, Mother Erin,
 Your children all should know
 That the son you have neglected
 For you struck many a blow,
 For you struck many a blow
 Against your cruel foe
 Till the prison and the poorhouse
 Laid the noble patriot low.

A LOST FRIEND.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[To the memory of Peter Kilkenny, son of Anthony of Tooma, Cloone, Leitrim, who was drowned March 10, 1896, aged 18 years, in the streams he loved.]

Peter, ashore, you sleep at rest amid the hills of Cloone!
And flowers wild bloom o'er your breast to decorate your tomb;
And clad in robes of mourning, at home and o'er the sea
Your dearest friends 'mid sorrow's tears in silence pray for thee.

I remember well to see you, when but a prattling child,
When thro' lanes and dells you wander'd to pluck the flowers
 wild;
Where blackberries and strawberries in shady bowers grow,
Round Cawn and Gubnisthcawn, where the silvery waters flow.

But for me those joys are over, you're sleeping with the dead,
And poor Erin's golden sunshine now smiles around your bed.
The little birds will sing their songs beneath its warm glow,
While the heavenly dew will nourish all the flowers that o'er
 you grow.

You sleep within the silent walls where my loving parents lie,
And where, I hope, when Erin's free, my chance may be to die;
Where my uncle James lies slumbering, who nursed me on his
 knee,
Ah Cloone, ashore! I love you more, for each sad memory.

They laid you down in youthful bloom, with prayers and silent
tears,
Just like a weary child to sleep, for centuries of years;
And the summer breeze may whisper, and the wintry winds
may roar
Through that City of the Silent, where you slumber, P. asthore.
September 12, 1896.

AMERICA'S REPLY TO ENGLAND IN REFERENCE
TO THE PROPOSED ANGLO-AMERICAN
ALLIANCE.

BY MICHAEL V. GANNON.

[Long well known in Chicago as lawyer, orator and Irish Nationalist.]

Alfred, what is the voice you hear
On the wind of the western sea?
The sentinel listens from out Cape Clear
And says what the voice may be;
'Tis a proud free people calling loud:
"We'll have nothing to do with thee!"

And they say to you, Alfred, look
We have severed the chord that bound,
We cannot have done with the glorious tale
As long as you are around,
And your braggart host that proudly boast
They are seizing Liberty's ground.

We answer you not of the self-same race,
Nor blood of the self-same clan,
But Celt and Teuton face to face
Talk back to you man to man,
That they never will trust you, hypocrites base,
And know that no freeman can.

Now fling them out to the breeze
 Shamrock, thistle and rose—
 The shamrock will never unite with these,
 It knows its friends from foes,
 And will stick to the glorious Stars and Stripes
 Wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bind and thrill indeed,
 Why man but open your eyes,
 Afridi and Boer and Irishman
 Make answer to all your lies,
 And Freedom shrieks from wounds received
 Wherever your red flag flies.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
 We know you well and long,
 And now to your kite you would have us the tail,
 But we heed not your siren song.
 Your friendship is death, O, the deadliest death,
 And your record a record of wrong.

IN MEMORY OF MICHAEL FLANAGAN.

[Died recently at Providence, R. I. In sympathy addressed to John Mulkern and all Roscommon bards.]

BY JOE FOGARTY.

In tears of gall my pen is dipped,
My heart is sad and sore,
Another bard is gone for aye
That loved green Erin's shore.
The brave and true Mike Flanagan,
Roscommon's joy and pride,
Is laid to rest in an exile's grave
Beyond the bounding tide.

There's grief in all Roscommon,
Around its lakes and rills,
There's sadness in each household
And gloom upon the hills.
The Nearys are lamenting sore
Their gallant exiled chief,
John Mulhern is in mourning deep,
His heart is rent with grief.

The exiled bards have raised a keen,
It pierced the foreign skies,
Salt tears we shed in torrents
At the news of his demise;
For Michael was a faithful son,
Ever true to motherland,
And in her fight 'gainst tyrants
He e'er took manful stand.



MRS. J. W. BURKE



DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN



JO E MULHEARN

With voice and pen, with sword and gun,
 With purse and every means,
 He gave his firm, persistent aid
 To break her galling chains.
 Farewell, brave Flanagan, noble friend,
 May thine be grand reward
 For ever and for ever
 In the mansions of the Lord.

WHEN IRELAND WILL HAVE HOME RULE.

BY JOSEPH MAHON.

[A popular young lawyer of Chicago.]

When laws can stop the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
Then Parliament will give Home Rule
To Erin's Isle, I trow.
And when the leaves in summer time
Wear autumn's dying mien,
Then Erin's Parliament will meet
At home in College Green.

When nature's law of self-defense
(Her first law) is repealed,
Then England's King will give to us
The power that England wields.
When selfishness no longer sways
The acts of humankind,
Then Englishmen will freely cut
The galling ties that bind.

But till that day the Irish slave
Who begs for freedom's right
Will lie 'neath Briton's iron heel
A craven, spineless wight.
"Who would be free must strike the blow,"
Their Gaelic spirit spoke.
Up from your knees with manhood's might,
Throw off the Saxon yoke.

TO MY FATHER.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[Dedicated to the memory of my father, James Kane, who died March 2, 1902, and lies buried in Cloone, County Leitrim, Ireland.]

Beneath the black and lonely tomb
 Oh, Father, you repose in gloom,
 Surrounded by the hills of Cloone
 Clad in their verdure green;
 While your poor children o'er the sea
 From British robbers had to flee
 To the glorious home of liberty,
 Where freedom smiles serene.

You died, dear Father, in your pain,
 With broken heart and tortured brain,
 While those you loved across the main
 In exile wandered round.
 And now, with mother, you lie low
 While summer sun or winter snow
 May for all ages come and go
 To dress your silent mound.

You sleep in bleeding Erin, dear,
 That single thought my sorrows cheer,
 For well I know you need not fear
 The judgment's clarion sound.
 You'd Father Nagle ere you died—
 One of old Ireland's priests of pride—
 He laid you by dear mother's side
 In consecrated ground.

And o'er your grave in smothered moans,
Amid the monumental stones,
I knelt and prayed in earnest tones
For you and mother dear.
Unto the spotless virgin fair;
Oh, may she hear my humble prayer
And take you gently to her care
Where sin cannot appear.

I 'rose and bade your tomb adieu,
Also our home and neighbors too,
And with my sisters o'er the blue
Wide ocean fled from Ireland;
For I received a saddening blow
From the land I loved through all my woe,
Which leaves me wandering to and fro
An exile from my sireland.

Then welcome Death, welcome today,
Oh, come and take my soul away;
I long, like Father in the clay,
To fly from misery.
But, Erin dear! till death appears,
Through weal or woe, through blood or tears,
I've pledged to you my future years
Whate'er my destiny.

ENGLAND.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[Formerly editor of *The Boston Pilot*, later American consul in Genoa,
Italy, lately deceased.]

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the Kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jeweled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toil of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

A LITTLE PACK OF DYNAMITE.

BY JOHN POWER.

[Written in days of the degenerate policy to retaliate for English oppression.]

Let poets sing of Erin's sons so chivalric and brave,
And of the glorious victories they won on land and wave,
And tell with what infectious dash they always down the foe,
And how their bones lie bleaching where the Rhine and Volga
flow.

Let poets sing the sufferings of a brave downtrodden race,
And of their love for motherland which time could not efface,
And sing that naught but moral force can right poor Ireland's
wrongs—

But a little pack of dynamite is worth a million songs.

'Tis easy sing of Erin, of her soft and golden clime;
'Tis easy sing the glories of her great and olden time;
'Tis easy sing her suffering, no pen or tongue can tell.
And sing of Britain's cruel laws that first were framed in hell;
'Tis easy sing her patriot sons upon the gallows tree;
'Tis easy say the Emerald Island *must* and *shall* be free.
O, what a train of those old strains around my memory throngs—
But a little pack of dynamite is worth a million songs.

O Erin, weeping mother, sitting by the heaving sea;
If songs could break thy shackles, you would long ago be free.
In moral suasion put no trust, on rhyming don't depend;
But in the deadly missile, you've a true and trusty friend;
The tyrant's hand is on thee, thy limbs his fetters bind;
But there's a power more potent, aye, and stronger than the
wind

Will cause him to surrender all that unto thee belongs—
O, a little pack of dynamite is worth a million songs.

IN MEMORIAM, DAN CONBOY.

[Respectfully dedicated to a patriotic and faithful friend, Daniel F. Conboy, aged 30 years, who died August 21, 1907. Born in the Parish of Fuerty, County Roscommon, Ireland.]

BY PATRICK KANE.

Oh, friend of human liberty, oh, soul sincere, sublime,
 Why did you leave us so, so soon, in sorrow to repine?
 Your mother and your brothers to the Heavenly Father pray
 That we may join you, Daniel dear, upon some future day.

Oh, how we miss you from our midst, no more to hear your voice,
 Which seemed like melody to us and made our hearts rejoice.
 We look in vain for your return from the daily hours of toil,
 Oh, Dan, how sad we miss you with your sweet endearing smile!

We miss your songs of Ireland, your soft and mellow tone,
 Your stories of the martyred dead, poor Emmet and Wolf Tone,
 And while flowers grow or waters flow, or smiles the silver moon,
 Their names shall guide poor Erin's sons to freedom or the tomb.

Poor Erin, too, will miss you, where first in childhood's glee,
 You roamed among the haunted vales of dear old Fuerty;
 Where the leprechauns and fairies sing their quaint lullaby,
 'Mid the rippling rills and green-clad hills of Erin o'er the sea.

The love you gave to Ireland can never fade away
 While burns the lamp of liberty to guide us to the fray,
 And the vows you made to Erin's cause in golden letters stand
 Amid the councils of the brave, the patriots of our land.

They laid you down just in your bloom, 'mid prayers and silent
tears,

Just like a weary child to sleep for everlasting years,

And may the sun of happiness forever smile on you!

Until we meet on the golden strand, dear Dan, a fond adieu!

SNATCHED FROM THE SAXON.

BY JEREMIAH HARRINGTON.

[On a trip across the water, in 1896, Edward J. Ivory, now of Chicago, was arrested on charges manufactured by a spy or detective named Jones for alleged implication in a dynamite plot to work havoc in English cities. After being kept in severe solitary confinement for some months, during which strong inducements were made to have him plead guilty, the prisoner was released through the efforts of John F. McIntyre, previously district attorney of New York, who was sent over by the Irish National Alliance to defend him. On Mr. Ivory's return to New York, Feb. 3, 1897, he was made the subject of a great popular ovation.]

(Air—"God Save Ireland.")

Friends of Ireland now we meet,
Proud, exultant, here to greet

One who has dared to serve his native land,
And who to set her free from cursed England's tyranny,
For his efforts in the dock did lately stand.

"God save Ivory!" say we proudly,

"God save Ivory!" say we all;

He'll be ready with the rest,

For to lower England's crest,

When the bugle to the battle loud does call.

The vile perjured "Jones" was there

For his pay to smoothly swear

To steal his victim's liberty or life;

But he's back again once more, with free men on a free shore,

Again to join for victory in the strife.

"God save Ivory!" say we proudly,
"God save Ivory!" say we all;
He'll be ready with the rest to lower England's crest,
When the bugle to the battle loud does call.

Then let us our voices raise,
Grudging not full meed of praise
To Wynne, Smith and O'Rourke, the noble three
Who to serve their friend and his honor to defend,
Gave up their all, and crossed the angry sea.

Then men raise your voices loud in chorus,
Join in the measure heartily,
With a hip-hip-hip hurrah! and to these bright happy days
We salute with heart and hand the noble three.

All that's gained we realize,
We have fought and won the prize,
By the aid of McIntyre, Erin's son,
And for many years our people's voice and prayers,
Will ascend for him who fought the fight—and won.

Then cheer, men, cheer for McIntyre,
The man who braved the lion in his den:
"I'll bring Ivory back," said he, "I'll obtain his liberty,"
And he's in the land of freedom once again.

MEN OF ERIN, GIRD FOR BATTLE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
 You have glorious work to do,
 Stalwart patriots, men of Ireland,
 Heroes steadfast, loyal and true.
 Let no false star guide your footsteps,
 Falter not at Freedom's call,
 High your standard floats above you,
 Plant it on the outer wall.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
 Not with sword in bloody strife,
 But with Justice as your armor,
 Healing wounds and shielding life;
 Strike the foe, but not with rapier,
 Bullets are but thoughts in lead;
 Swords' and sabres' clash and clamor,
 Have no message for the dead.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
 Follow straight where Duty leads;
 Valor rests not in loud clamor,
 Freedom's sword is starr'd with deeds.
 Every rood of land calls to you,
 Tongued with Wrong's bitter wail;
 Every memory of six centuries
 Breaks in blood within your vale.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Sacred are your flag and cause,
Love of Kindred—Mercy—Justice—
These are greater than all laws.
Heaven hath place for every hero
Clad in armor, wrought in light,
Leading man from chains and serfdom
To the heights of Truth and Right.

Men of Erin, gird for battle,
Know you not the dead are near?
Leaders in the fight of centuries
Leaders without fault or fear;
Fill the ranks and aye press forward,
Victory now doth point the way,
And the darkest clouds have vanished
As her sceptre lights the day!

AN ULTIMATUM.

BY PATRICK KANE.

If Ireland doesn't get Home Rule,
And House of Lords will carp and fool,
We'll organize an airship school,
Agra machree!
Away we'll fly just like a kite
For London, on some lively night,
And shower them hard with dynamite,
Agra machree!

Sulphuric acid by the ton,
Down from the clouds will quickly run
Upon the idle Lordly scum,
Agra machree!
The squirts will make them jump and hop,
When on their baldy crowns they drop,
And spin them round just like a top,
Agra machree!

Then on the Dublin Castle hacks
We'll shower shells, long nails and tacks,
Until the thieves lie dead in packs,
Agra machree!
For poor King George I fain would cry
When we go roaming through the sky,
But every tyrant Lord must die,
Agra machree!

Oh, had I but my humble say
I'd fly away this very day,
And soon their sins I'd wash away,
 Agra machree!
And all the ranting, chattering tribe
Who lie, deceive, disrupt and bribe,
Would sleep down by old Satan's side,
 Agra machree!

Then peace and joy would soon abound,
With love and unity all around,
When traitors shall no more be found,
 Agra machree!
And I would sure enjoy the sight,
And with heart and soul get in the fight,
Because they are a human blight,
 Agra machree!

A REQUEST.

BY THE LATE GENERAL SIR WILLIAM F. BUTLER.

[Native of Waterford, philanthropist and patriot, opponent of British greed in South Africa and scorner of anti-Irish proclivities in Ireland.]

Give me but six-feet three (one inch to spare)
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,
Or *boreen* trod by peasants' shoeless feet;
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,
More than the green fields of my river Suir
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish poor—
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,
And yet be unto *them* of praise the meed,
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed;
I learnt it there.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;
And let some passing peasant give it prayer
For the soul there.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[Dedicated to the sacred memory of a good Irish patriot, Charles Keegan, of Casteel, Clone, County Leitrim, Ireland, who departed this life June 24, 1911. May he rest in peace.]

Just like a mighty thunder crash,
Or like the livid lightning's flash,
That fells the oak and rends the ash,
The mesasge came to me;
Your uncle dead! that note so brief,
Brought to my heart a load of grief,
And here I try to get relief
And set my sad thoughts free.

Descendant of a grand old line—
On history's page their virtues shine—
A worshiper at Freedom's shrine,
He passed his life away.
With him in childhood's happy hours,
'Mid Cloone's sweet fragrant hawthorn bowers,
'Mid Leitrim's gray historic towers,
Most gayly sped the day.

In consecrated ground he lies,
Beneath the changeful Irish skies,
Where Freedom's flag shall yet arise,
Despite the tyrant's frown.

'Twas nightly in the Rosary,
He prayed that glorious liberty
Would yet illume from sea to sea,
His land—without a Crown!

The prayers were said, the grave was made,
With tearful eyes his corse they laid,
With kindred dust in sacred shade,
There where his people rest.
Where fragrant blossoms wild abound,
And decorate each hollowed mound,
While birds and bees flit gently round
That graveyard in the west.

Sound sleep they by the singing streams
Where whitethorns shine and gold furze gleams,
No nightmares grim, no troublous dreams
Disturb them night or noon;
But love and glory, joy and pride,
About that honored soil preside,
And faith and hope stand side by side,
To guard the graves of Cloone.

THE PARTING.

BY JOE MULHEARN.

[NOTE—A stor mo chroidhe is pronounced “a-sthore mo hree” and means “O treasure of my heart.” It is the author’s farewell to his only child upon her entering a convent.]

A stor mo chroidhe the hour is here:—
 The dreaded hour of many a year,
 When you and I must sundered be
 Till life has passed, a stor mo chroidhe!
 Your baby breath was joy to me;
 Your voice was music in its glee;
 Your hand could soothe my griefs away,
 And youth returned in childish play.

In hope the fairest earth can know
 Or crushed beneath the weight of woe,
 Whatever fate might bring to me
 Was linked with you, a stor mo chroidhe.
 When land and gold had slipped away
 And thinning locks grew silver grey;
 When friends and hope were lost to me,
 You still were left, a stor mo chroidhe.

A stor mo chroidhe, when life was bright
You were the sun that gave it light;
When hope had fled all else was night,
But you were sunshine in my sight;
When trouble came, and woe befell,
And sadly rang the loved one's knell,
One bud alone was left to me,
And you were all, a stor mo chroidhe!

For me it brims the cup of woe;
And yet 'tis best that you should go
And bear to others, as to me,
A paradise, a stor mo chroidhe;
And may your skies be ever bright,
And may your heart be always light,
And blessings yours eternally,
My light of life, a stor mo chroidhe!

THE MOUNTAIN DEW.

BY FRANCIS E. WALSH.

Hither to me, mo cruiskeen dhas !
 Light of my heart, ashore, are you—
 Oh ! fill for me a flowin' glass
 Of the glorious, warmin' mountain dew.

Though hills and plains and bogs and drains
 May lie upon our homeward way,
 We've mirth and cheer and company here—
 So where we are awhile we'll stay.

While some in gold may seek delight
 And more find joy in eyes of blue,
 We'll while away the cheerful night
 With glorious, warmin' mountain dew.

The miser's hoard, though careful stored,
 Can neither peace nor pleasure give,
 The maiden's kiss is fleeting bliss,—
 Imprinted oft but to deceive.

The miser dies, the lover sighs—
 Their joys in life are short and few—
 So fill for me ashor machree,
Mo vanonin gra, the mountain dew.

When Nature made the storms that rave
Around our mountains of the west
She said, "The rain will grow the grain
And then let Genius do the rest."

And Genius came and in her palm
She pressed the grain that lately grew
Till 'neath her spell bright drops there fell—
It was the glorious mountain dew.

Hither to me *mo cruiskeen dhas*,
Light of my heart, asthore, are you!—
Oh! fill for me a flowin' glass
Of the glorious, warmin' mountain dew.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

BY P. J. O'KEEFFE.

[Mr. O'Keefe suffered imprisonment for his nationalistic activities during Land League days in Ireland. He is now a well-known lawyer in Chicago. He says: "This poem was written by me in the winter of 1884, while engaged as a special writer on The Chicago Herald. The scene under memory's lamp in this instance lay in the land of my birth, where that good mother now lies asleep beneath the green rich sward of the Golden Vein in dear old Ireland."]

Hark! 'tis college days
 And eager wait
 The boys with anxious face
 To tread again the homeward path
 And joyously their friends embrace
 And hear the sweet old village chime
 Ring out its peal so merrily
 For Christmas Day.

No gayer throng did ever
 From college portals step,
 Why not! Are they not moving West?
 Beside the mountain's rugged crest
 To where the sun doth set,
 To see again the childhood home
 And sit beneath its well-known dome
 On Christmas Day?

The iron horse may shriek aloud,
Its bell may ever beat
And notice give to all of speed,
Yet think they still its progress slow,
Nor do they excuse heed
Nor care a jot for any rest,
But anxiously keep looking west
For Christmas Day.

Hurrah! hurrah! arrived at last,
Nor look they to the right or left,
But each his own home seeks
To see within the circle gay
Before the sun will set
The mother fond who always bound
Them sit bright turf fire around
For Christmas Day.

God bless the turf fire and bless
Such memories as those which bring
In after years such scenes to mind—
The midnight bell and holly leaf,
Old Santa Claus and Christmas tree
Are well enough.
But sweeter far
Than all such memories to me
Is mother's kiss
On Christmas morn.

Chicago, January 14, 1911.

THE LASS FROM COUNTY MAYO.

Though the daughters of Erin are famed, the world over,
For wit and for beauty, for charms all their own.
Yet there's one, in the land of the shamrocks and clover,
Who's first of the first, and who's second to none!
She can boast not of riches, of rank or of station;
This true hearted colleen, who loves me I know,
But I'd not love her more were she queen of a nation,
Instead of the lass from the County Mayo!

CHORUS: — As pure as the dew drop, that falls on the heather,
As sweet as the primrose with sunshine aglow,
Our lives link together in love's silken tether,
She's my Irish lass from the County Mayo.

Sure the mold of her ankles a duchess might covet,
Her waist fills with envy the grand ladies, all,
While her sweet tempting mouth and those bright eyes above it,
The heart of a king on his throne would enthrall,
All the lads in the county would love to be bolder,
They worship the ground that she walks on, I know,
But she wears the golden token of love ties that hold her,
She's my Irish lass from the County Mayo!

THE BRIDGE OF MUIGNABO.

BY REV. M. SMYTH.

When bould Sir Thomas Brady had generously made for us
The Bridge of Muignabo, and the price of it had paid for us,
We cordially resolved for the *gra* he had displayed for us

Our great reciprocation in ovations for to show.
And so to make a day of it in innocence and jollity,
Around the dacent neighbourhood, to simple folk and quality,
We scattered invitations to share the hospitality
And aid the celebrations at the Bridge of Muignabo.

From Inver to Loughmurragher
Aich village sint us rations in,
The not a single curragh or
A cart but there came lashins in;
And then, to help to ate it, there
Came droves of deputations in—
In hašte
To faist

Came hungry counthry clameriaghs, their wives and their
relations in,
Labourers and lacksters, smiths, carpenters and masons in,
To ate their share an' welcome at the Bridge of Muignabo.

Our council was a caution for sinse and regularity,
Both vartues loudly called for because of the disparity
Betune the local ginthry and resident vulgarity—

The landlord high and mighty and the tenant poor and low.

For what the great might smile upon as folly and frivolity
The poor man, non-conversant with the capers of the quality,
Might aisily regard as a species of morality

Displaisin' to the neighbours at the Bridge of Muignabo.

Though high folk grew censorious
And called the project villainous,
Though low folk swore to "Rory" us
And boldly spoke of "pillin'" us
For toadies, yet victorious

In spite of all their silliness,

"They'll see,"

Said we,

That in the ways of dacency they needn't thing of dhrillin' us,
For, och, mavrone! the good ould dhrop is still in us

That never shamed a native at the Bridge of Muignabo.

Then lashins of good liquor we sent to Linnivinny for—

Liquor that the government were never paid a pinny for—

Liquor, och! a glass of it you'd freely give a guinea for,

Rale whate compleate, an' oh! but oghano!

'Tis sweetly Sargeant Sweeney, that paragon of vigilance,

Who searches for the native with meritorious diligence,

'Tis sweetly he would smile if he got the laist intelligence,

Of where the crather came from to the Bridge of Muignabo.

The ateables wor various,

But there was sich a store o' them

To name them would but wary us

And make us sick and sore o' them;

But spakin' raly sarious,

For gurnet we'd galore o' them,

With cods

In squads,

Fluke, bullogogues and bundhels, we had close on sixty score o'
 them,
 With lots o' barrelled mackerel, a dozen creels or more o' them
 To grace the celebrations at the Bridge of Muignabo.

The very sowl and substance of lordly generosity
 Came bould Sir Thomas Brady, in grandeur and pomposity,
 To open up the ball, when, with ordherly velocity,
 The food began to cercle and the poteen for to flow.
 The Bridge-flure was done up, with the fiddlers left and right
 of it,
 And whin they all struck up, och! the fun was at the height of it,
 And everyone detarmined to stay and make a night of it,
 In great exhilaration, at the Bridge of Muignabo.

The dance came soon and sudden and
 The crush was fit to smother one,
 The floor was nice and wooden and
 As good as any other one,
 So, till the sun was buddin' and
 The music ceased to bother one,
 We danced
 And pranced,

And then a toast we gave our host—a "strong-and-all-together"
 one—

"Health, wealth and way to find—in fact— 'ANOTHER ONE'
 To build another blessing like THE BRIDGE OF MUIGNABO!"

"THE TOP O' THE MORNING."

BY JOHN LOCKE.

O, m'anam an Dhia, but there it is!—
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland;
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
 O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
 Like a bride in her rich adorning.
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you "the top o' the morning."

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scorning,
 O Ireland! don't you hear me shout—
 I bid you "the top o' the morning!"

Ho, ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating,
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting.
 Into the shore the sea-birds fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out from the cliffs with welcomes charged
 A million waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the pleasant land
Where the love-lights first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there!
Watching the wild waves motion;
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean!
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
O maybe their chiming's over;
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover!

For thirty summers, asthore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon;
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

For often upon the Texan plains
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around this coast-line hover;

But my prayer would rise,—that some future day
 All danger and doubting scorning,
 I might help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's morning.

Now fuller and truer the coast line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid!
 I feel the breath of the Irish breeze—
 Thank God! that my exile's ended.
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in!
 O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you "the top o' the mornin'."

"IRELAND OVER THE WATER."

BY JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Here's a health to the victims of tyranny's wrong,
And a health to the weak who're oppressed by the strong,
And a health to the men, be their creed what it may,
Who can say "God Save Ireland," wherever they pray.

And let them kneel to God above,
In church or chapel, kirk or grove,
Here's heart and hand, and hope and love,
For Ireland over the water.

Our long-suffering mother is ravished by knaves,
And, dishonored, she weepingly nurses us slaves.
The tyrants have made us a hell upon earth,
And we labor in chains, while they revel in mirth.

We'd hardly be more sorely tried,
More scattered through the world wide,
Had Christ by us been crucified,
In Ireland over the water.

But we're told our misfortunes are owing to our guilt,
That we're paying for some blood which our forefathers spilt,
That England to us is the heaven-sent stroke,
And we strike against God when we strike at her yoke.

This teaching finds us blood-red graves,
In lands beyond the salt sea waves,
And leaves us crouching, cringing slaves,
In Ireland, over the water.

It is said, and I think 'tis by Machiavel,
 That tyrants in teaching the Bible excel,
 In order the better to plunder the poor,
 And make them submit to the wrongs they endure,
 And thus they offer us "The Word."
 They tell us pray and trust the Lord,
 And then they rob with fire and sword
 In Ireland, over the water.

To our ruthless invaders the creed mattered nought,
 They made heaven subserve for the conquest they sought,
 And the Catholics sent by the Pope for the pence,
 Just hit as hard as the Puritan saints.

 Since Adrian's grant, 'tis fraud, 'tis force,
 'Tis bulls, 'tis bayonets, foot and horse,
 'Tis cravens, or 'tis Cromwell's curse
 In Ireland, over the water.

Can the creeds that love and freedom and manhood elsewhere,
 Be fruitful of nothing but slavery there?

Will the "Protestant Boys" never give us a hope,
 But hugging their fetters, afraid of a Pope?

 Our Pagan sires our strifes would shun,
 They saw their heaven through the sun
 Their God smiled down on every one
 In Ireland, over the water.

Our children of Roman and Protestant birth
 Proclaim our disgrace through the brothels of earth,
 Yet the preachers preach on, we have nothing to do
 But to "carry the Cross" and "give Caesar his due."

Christ never said 'twas Caesar's coin,
The land is ours, then let us join
Our hearts and hands across the Boyne
For Ireland, over the water.

But the bigots start up to prevent the embrace,
And the phantoms of faction are flung in our face,
"To Hell with the Pope"—"Hell with William the Third"
Then like demons we fight "for the love of the Lord."
The world's contempt rewards our pains,
We're slaves, and with our very chains
We batter out each other's brains
In Ireland, over the water.

This creed of dissension is nursed in the land,
While the creed of our martyrs is prisoned and banned—
Sheares, Crowley, Fitzgerald, Lynch, Duffy and Tone,
Emmett, Larkin, and Orr died for Ireland alone.
For Freedom's cause at Freedom's shrine
This was the creed of Mike O'Brien,
Let it be yours as well as mine,
For Ireland, over the water.

And then for the struggle to end in success—
When the Keoghs will protect us and the voteens will bless,
For 'tis but for failure that "rebels" are damned,
That scaffolds are mounted and prisons are crammed,
Come North and South, our land to save,
Can't we be Irish, true and brave,
And neither Rome's nor England's slave
In Ireland, over the water.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY PATRICK KANE.

[To my father-in-law, Edward McKain, staunch Irish patriot from cradle to grave. Died, January 19, 1905.]

Gloomy and sad the winter day
 You heard the call and went away,
 Your dust to lay 'neath hallowed clay
 And face the great beyond,
 And we who wept beside your bier
 Shall keep before us bright and clear
 Your pleasant face, your words of cheer,
 In memory dear and fond.

Around your grave may songbirds sing
 Their anthems unto Heaven's great King,
 While loyal hearts white roses bring
 To flaunt the graveyard gloom,
 As summer's pleasant, balmy breeze
 Comes 'mid the mourning, rustling trees
 And chirps of birds and hum of bees
 Make music round your tomb.

Your native Carlow's worthy son,
 You longed to see the old fight won,
 With final victory flashing on
 Our flag without a stain;
 But broader than that flag unfurled
 Your heart that grasped the whole wide world
 For right to win and wrong down hurled,
 Dear father—Ed McKain,

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

BY FRANCIS E. WALSH.

Air—"Merrily Kiss the Quaker."

Oh! Katty, you are my colleen dhas,
So merry you are and sprightly;
I love to see you trip the grass
So airily and so lightly.
No fairies light that dance at night
Among the *Coosauns* yonder,—
Even had one been the Fairy Queen,—
Can step it one bit grander.

CHORUS.

So, Katty, you are my heart's deligth,
Merry you are and sprightly;
You trip and you dance, you laugh and glance
Airily still and lightly.

Your eyes beat all I ever knew
For sly and roguish glances,
But when they look so kind and true
Oh! how that look entrances!
You little sprite! 'tis real delight
To hear your merry laughter,
For in my ear it is ringing clear
For surely two days after.

I'd walk from here to far Cape Clear
 And back if 'twas your pleasure,
 Through wild and wood, o'er field and flood,
 For you are my heart's own treasure.
 The darkest night with you is bright,
 The day is dark without you;
 With you no man for heaven need long—
 You bring a heaven about you.

And, shure, you know, oh, Katty agra!
 There's none on earth before you;
 I never can tell how deep, how well
 How fondly I adore you.
 I'll always bless the sod you press,
 The sky that bends above you,—
 By day's sweet light—by stars of night—
 I only live to love you!

CHORUS.

So, Katy, you are my heart's delight,
 So lovely you are and sprightly;
 You trip and you dance, you laugh and glance
 So merrily and so lightly.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. J. FINNAN.

[In memory of the late Thomas Desmond, one of the *Catalpa* heroes. Mr. Finnan is an old Fenian and comrade of Desmond and none knew him better or loved him more.]

He's dead, he's gone, the grand old Irish rebel,
Whose thrilling words gave vigor to the faint;
Whose mellow voice rose high—into a treble—
When he, the woes of Motherland would paint;
Whose life was pure as a young novice kneeling,
Prepared, to consecrate her days to God;
Who never tired nor wearied of appealing,
To Irishmen to free her native sod.

Who took no stock in pitiful concessions
Doled out to kindred, who but fret or whine,
Or beg their lords to pardon their transgressions,
As sinners would before a Heavenly Shrine;
Who never for a moment relished talking
Unless it roused or stirred some stagnant blood;
Who always counseled brothers to keep walking
Along the path that leads to Nationhood.

One of that noble chain, "The Men of Sixty-Seven,"
That now grows short, though still devoid of kinks—
For most is broken—gone, I trust to Heaven—
And now we lose the strongest of its links;

Who never thought that senile "moral suasion"
 Would free his land or have her rights restored;
 Whose creed was plain—no quibbling, no evasion,
 Go blaze the trail to Freedom with the sword."

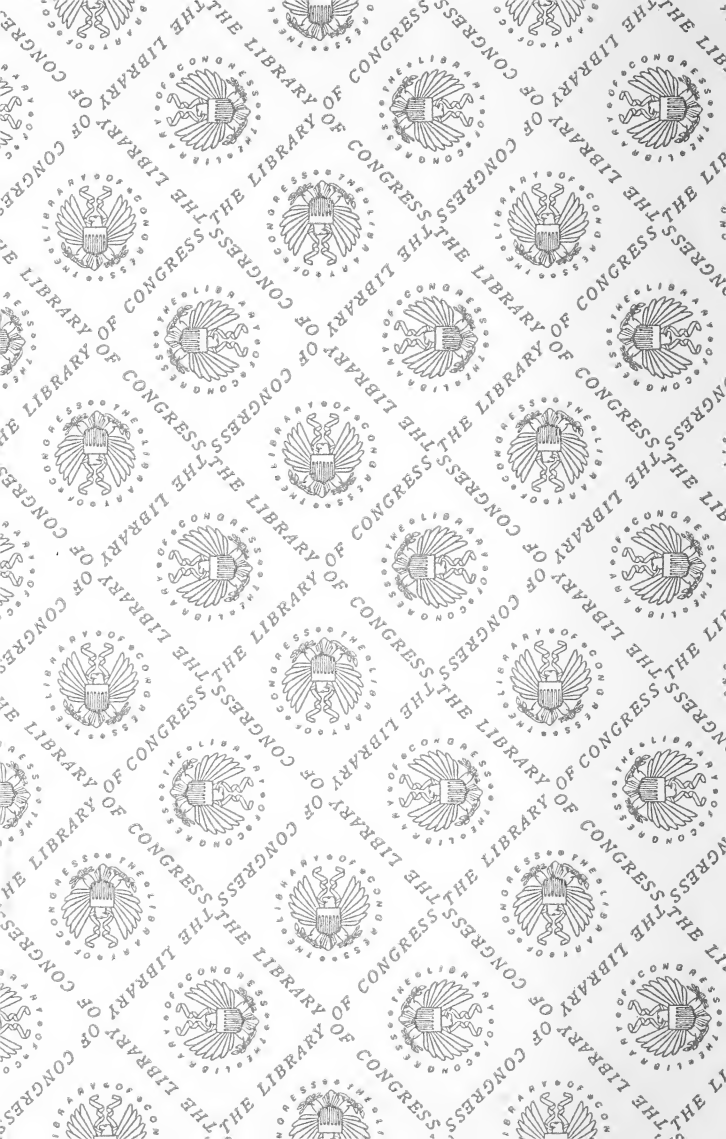
Who for one among our many exiled millions
 That in this land of freedom found a home,
 Was chosen to free that band of Irish felons,
 Who pined in durance far across the foam,
 With gallant Breslin—Well did they the duty
 The countless Celts had made their heart's desire—
 Did Saxon faces look like things of beauty,
 When that bold skipper dared them thrice to fire?

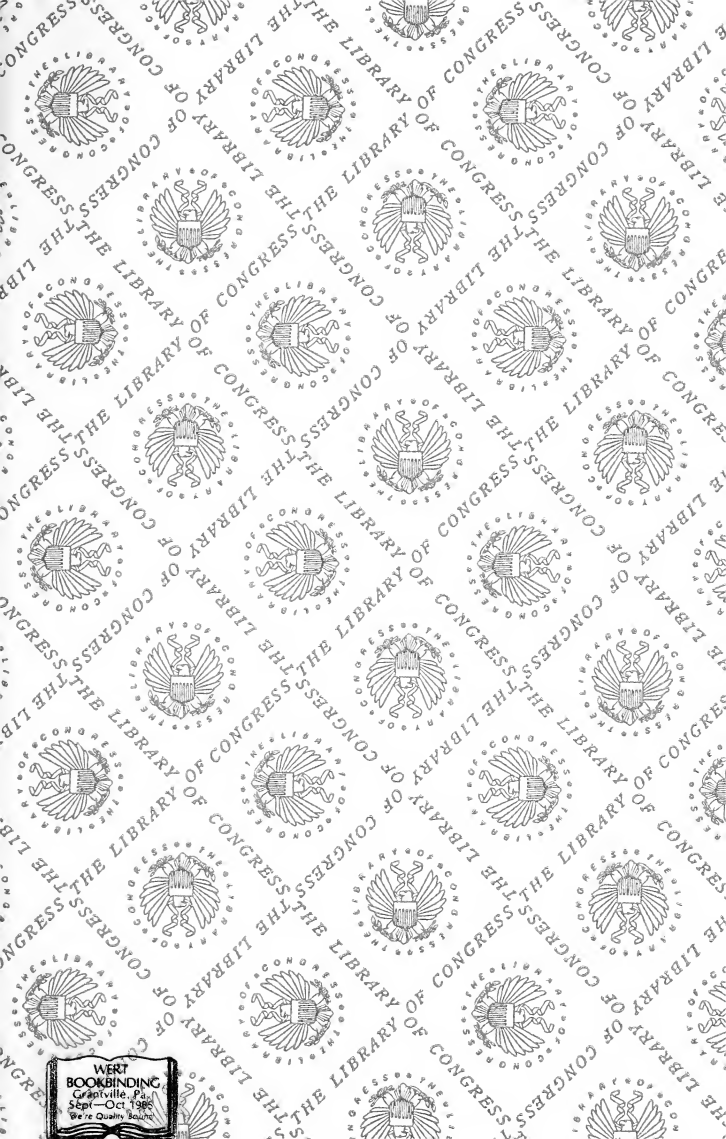
That deed re-echoed on the shores of nations
 Whose people asked the cause of all the din,
 And then they joined us in our jubilations,
 Until old earth, with pleasure seemed to spin.
 And though those heroes now have crossed death's portals,
 That daring deed, that daring deed alone,
 Will niche their names along with our Immortals,
 Beside the names of Emmet and Wolfe Tone.

And both today are joined in God's Own City,
 And fraternize with more than mortal glow;
 And look with love, with more than human pity,
 On friends and brothers weeping here below,
 With one regret, their Motherland lies bleeding
 While tyrants still above her domineer;
 But saints will join them in the ceaseless pleading
 To God to bring the hour of vengeance near,

Of all the Desmonds, who for Ireland's glory,
Died, and gloried in her cause to fail;
Of all their names that live in song and story,
The one I mourn was truest of them all;
And we were friends and each the other trusted,
And both would die for Mother Ireland's sake;
For I'm a *link*—well worn, and deeply rusted,
And soon will come the time when I must break.

It pains me sore to see his old place vacant,
Nor meet him more, nor grasp his manly hand,
For rocks loom round, that he for years had beaconed,
With no one near to pilot me to land.
I'll join with friends and all true Irish lovers
In prayer, who weep and mourn for his loss—
I feel his spirit still around me hovers,
Although his clay is cold in Holy Cross.
California, November, 1910





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